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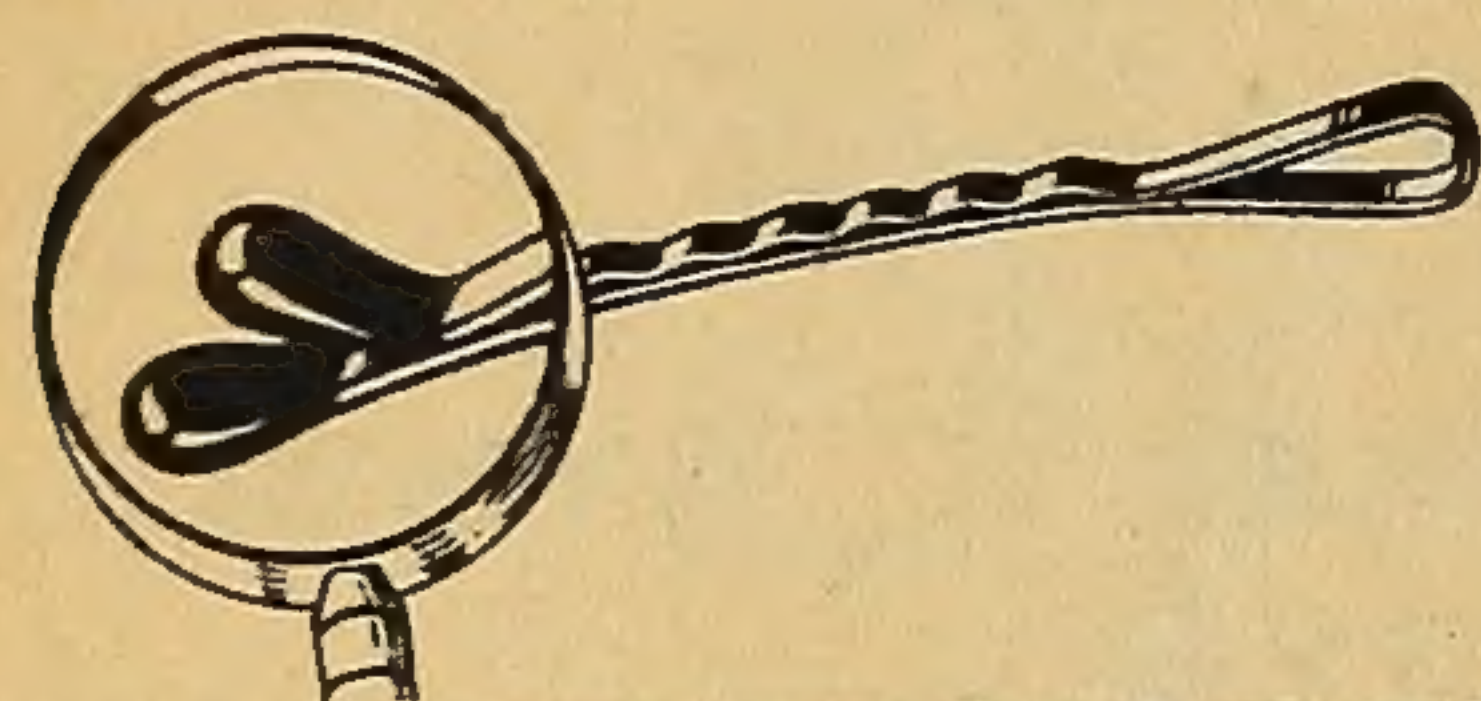
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November, 1958

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ON THE COVER: JANET LEIGH, STARRING IN THE U-I PICTURE, "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH"

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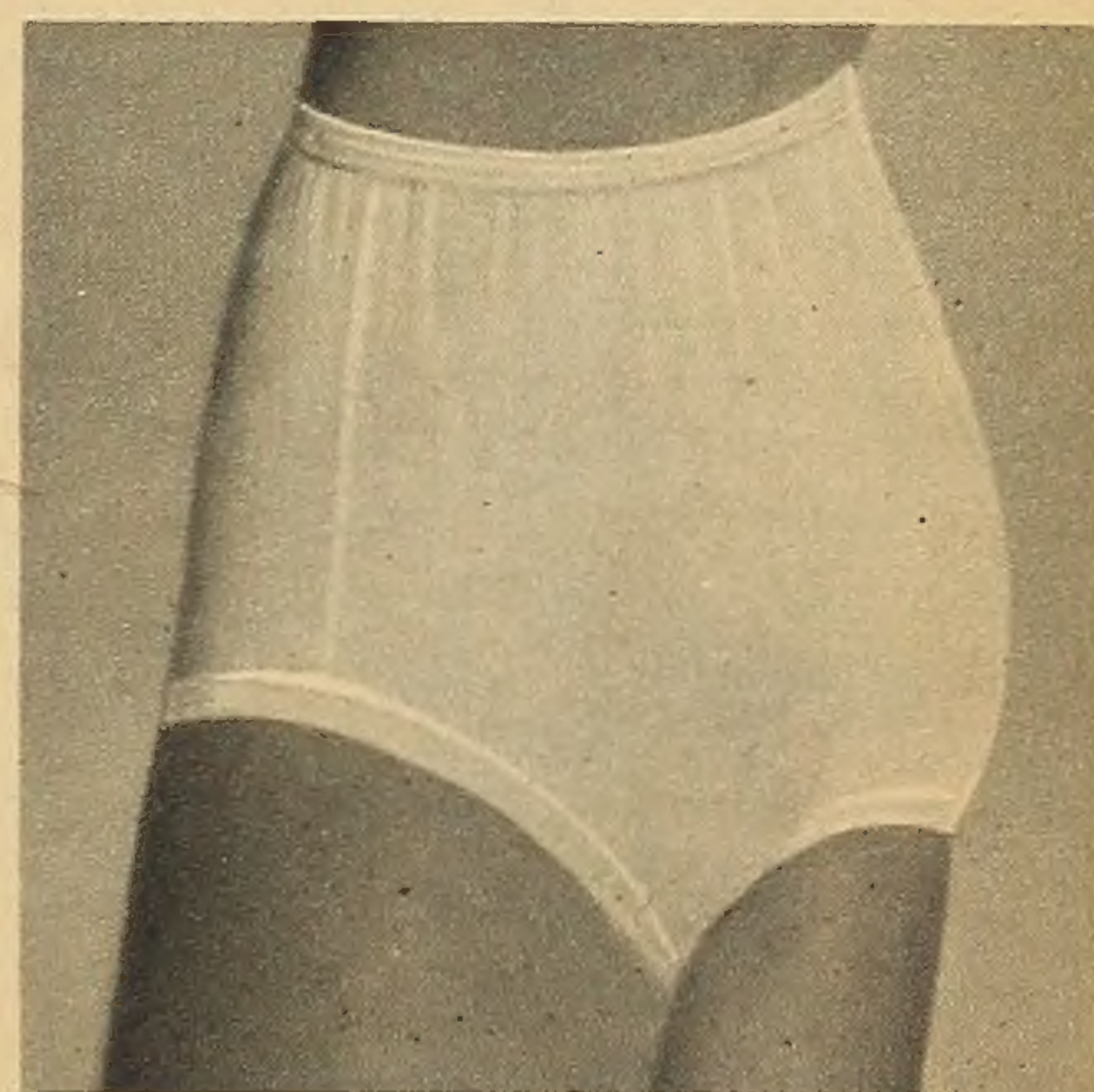


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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

in touch with the dictator's son, during his last, and let's hope it is his last, visit to Hollywood. . . . But one thing is sure. Her beautiful friendship with Zsa Zsa Gabor isn't beautiful any more. . . . Of all the amazing things, for Clint Walker to go gold prospecting, rather than star as "Cheyenne." I can see his point about wanting more money. But prospecting for gold? In spite of the Ty Hardin replacement, I have a hunch that Clint will be back in the series.

Elvis Presley's manager, Colonel Parker, refused half a million dollars worth of dates for Private Presley on his eight day furlough before he took off for furrin parts. Reckoned the boy did not need the money. . . . When Harry Belafonte was asked why he changes his style so often, the man with the golden voice replied, "It never pays to milk the same cow twice." . . . Dorothy Dandridge, by the way, is trying to decide whether to marry again. I gathered after a chat with Dorothy in my house that her career comes first and this fact does not make for easy matrimony. "Career women cannot be happily married," she stated flatly. And Dorothy refused to give her age when asked. "I've given out so many different ages, someone would be sure to write in and say you were wrong, if I told you."

I guess Frank Sinatra has finally gotten Ava Gardner out of his sub and above consciousness. At any rate, her statue as the Barefoot Contessa is no longer at the head of his garden. . . . Jayne Mansfield's planned motherhood, calls for one baby, and two pictures, with the reproduction repeated until she and Mickey Hargitay have a family of four. The couple are marketing something called "Hargitay's Health Glow." Heaven knows, if Mickey takes it, it must be



WATCHING her hubby, Eddie Fisher, sing, Debbie Reynolds' face is wreathed in smiles.

good. He's the picture of health and vitality. . . . Pat Wymore, Mrs. Errol Flynn, is a sharp cookie. She's been sitting tight, letting Errol come back to her in his own good time. It's worked in the past and I hope it works again. But I can still hear her plaintive remark, "He has to come home some time." They have a cute daughter, 4-year-old Arnella, who, young as she is, has already started her acting career.

Now that Jeanne Crain has wet her feet in live TV, look for her to sign for some super-spectaculars this coming season. . . . Hard to believe that an actor as respected and excellent as Laurence Olivier was unable to find the finances for his "Macbeth" movie with Vivien Leigh. I liked Olivier's "Hamlet." I'm sure I'd enjoy his "Macbeth." . . . I wish Oscar Levant would take a long rest and get calmed down before he embarks on a Coast-to-Coast television show as planned. He's brilliant and I hate to see him so unhappy and jittery.



ARRIVING at a gala post-premiere party are James Garner and his pixie-ish wife, Lois.

If Victor Mature and Joy Urwick are not married as you read this, they never will be. "It isn't the alimony, it's the lawyers' fees," Vic cracked when I asked him the usual question. But they're in love. And when Vic is in love he does not count the cost. Previous wife Dorothy has already told him that the young English girl will make him a good wife. . . . The four Crosby boys want to live together. Which is all right with Papa Bing. He is very close to his sons, other stories notwithstanding. . . . As of going to press, Linda Christian had a new hot romance a 24-year-old Italian actor.

Rock Hudson, careful not to be linked with any possible future wife, had the longest rest of his career—9 months—before starting his new U-I picture, "This Earth Is Mine." He liked the time off. "But not for a steady diet." . . . What a difference two years can make. In '56, Johnny Mathis was making all of \$25 a week. This year, his take from records and night club dates has already totalled over \$250,000. . . . Milton Berle was all shook up at those stories of battling with Keely Smith and Louis Prima who were originally set for his TV show. The battles were real enough, but Uncle Miltie insists he was in the right. . . . Was that a long blonde switch of hair worn by Dorothy Malone at the French Ballet? Real or phoney, Dotty looked like Goldilocks searching for the three bears.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman will increase the population during 1959—but not this year as itemed by an impatient columnist. . . . Ginger Rogers is asking NBC to do her TV spectaculars in the East. Reason—she wants to be near her romantic interest, Paul Snyder. Close pals predict they will marry. . . . Maggie Whiting's TV executive husband is showering her with baubles, bangles and beads—genuwine stuff. . . . The McGuire Sisters prefer to stay strong rather than die rich. Which is why they refused a

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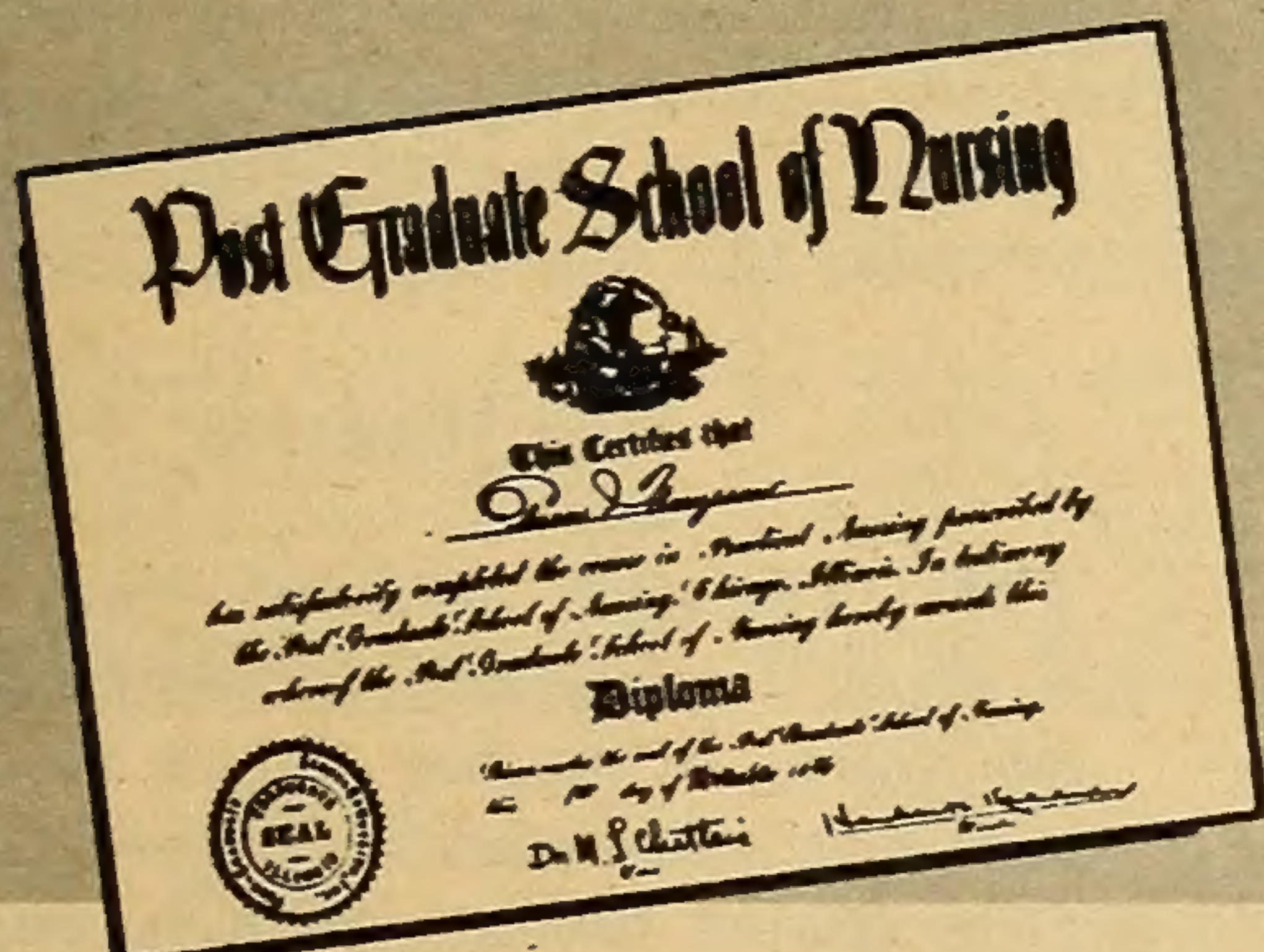


GUEST at supper party, Rock Hudson chats with table companion Rhonda Fleming.



A HAPPY Hollywood twosome are Donna Reed and producer-husband Tony Owens.

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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Houseboat

FOLLOWING the death of their mother in an automobile accident, Cary Grant's three children come to live with him in Washington, D. C. Having been estranged from his wife for years, there's quite a bit of everybody having to get used to life with father. With no rapport, it all seems quite hopeless until the youngest son—a bouncer of 7—picks up Sophia Loren while running away from home. The bored, voluptuous daughter of symphonic conductor Ciannelli and the children maneuver Grant into hiring her as a housekeeper. Applying her lusty European commonsense where it's best needed, she soon has family life as near normal as it can possibly be with the entire brood living on a rattletrap houseboat, ministered to by a sexy housekeeper who can't boil water. In this sleek Technicolor comedy there are some unexpected touches of philosophy, the poignant emptiness of children without a mother, and the wise-guy humor of Harry Guardino. (Paramount.)

Cat On A Hot Tin Roof

SULTRY as a warm southern night, Elizabeth Taylor appears in what is probably the most far-fetched role of her career. Incredibly, the moist-eyed Liz is

emotionally parched because husband Paul Newman refuses to make love to her. Obviously, he's sick, sick, sick! Despite all the hints and veiled allusions to what's ailing Newman, his papa, Burl Ives, is the one who finally kicks over the stone on Newman's dark past. Thrown off stride by this bout with Truth, Newman counters with a dose of the same stuff for his father. Everyone else has kept Ives from learning that he's dying of cancer, but Newman crows out the news. Strangely, this forms the first closeness between the tyrannical old man and his weak son. In playwright Tennessee Williams' true style, a few other ripe embellishments spike life in this Metro-colored mansion. Mama Judith Anderson isn't much more than a brood mare despite her pretenses. Oldest son Jack Carson is the unimaginative plodder who thinks he should rightly inherit papa's holdings. And, there's Liz, who makes a plain white slip become as effective as a red cape waved at a bull. (MGM.)

The Defiant Ones

UNUSUAL story about two chain gang escapees, Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier, who, hating each other's race, are forced to pool their efforts to evade the posse. Chained together at the wrists, at one point in their headlong



MARRIAGE is rough for Paul Newman and Liz Taylor in "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof."

flight, Curtis saves Poitier's life merely to keep himself alive. The hatred keeps mounting until, still bound together with shackles, a fight all but cripples Curtis. Fortunately, Cara Williams is around to coax him back to health but it isn't for any good samaritan reason, you can just bet, that makes her decide to go off with her patient. To get rid of Poitier, she sends him off into a swamp of quicksand. When Curtis learns of what she's done, he's got to make a quick choice since the posse is only a few miles away. Grim drama that says many things about race hatred except how to deal with it in everyday life. (United Artists.)

The Hunters

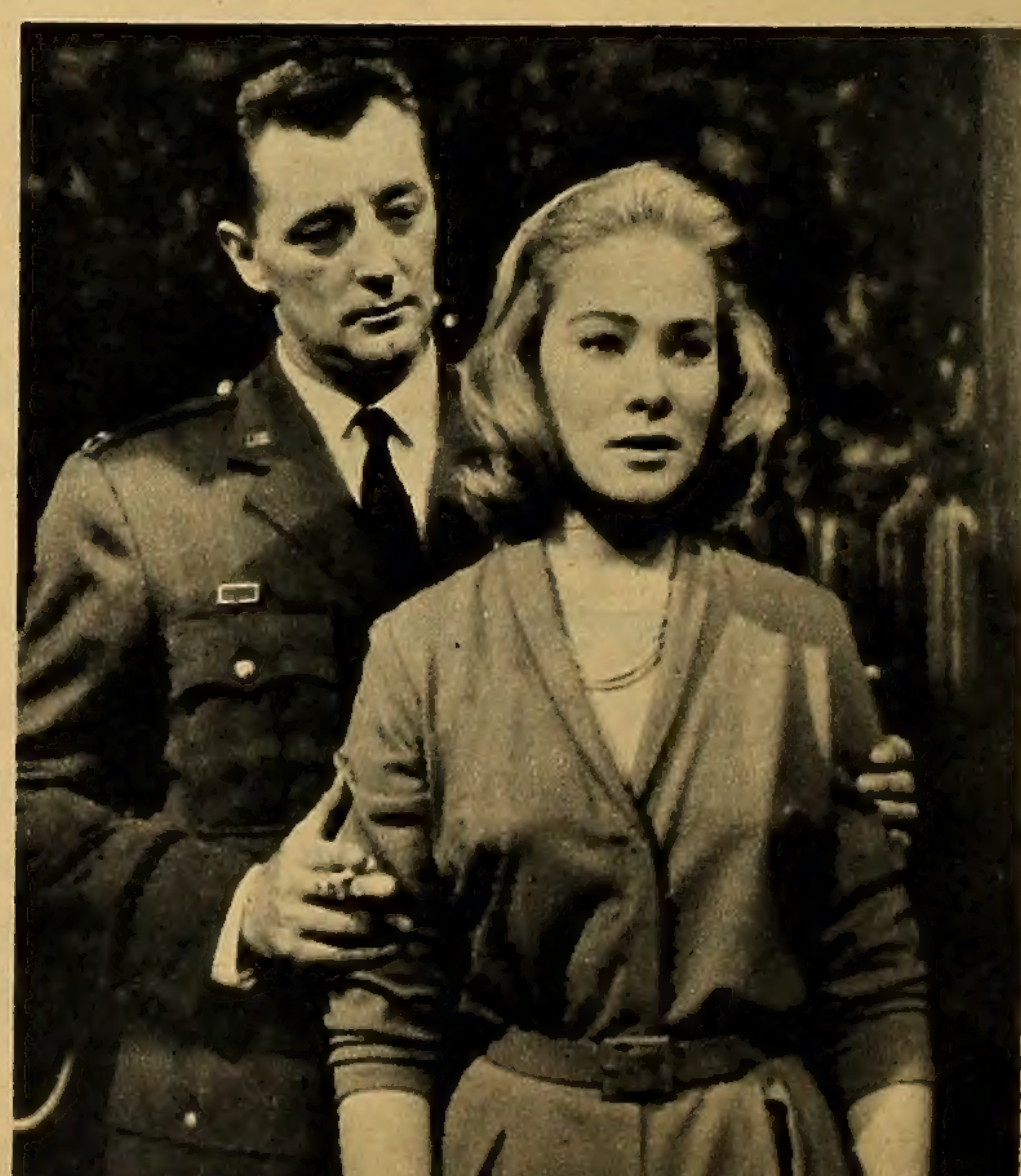
PILOTS never seem to lead simple lives, they either drink too much, love too much, or disobey orders too much. May Britt's husband fits in the first category. Major Robert Mitchum might be a candidate for the second, especially after he meets May. And Robert Wagner is the hotshot would-be ace who defies
continued on page 66



SUAVE Cary Grant falls madly in love with very sultry Sophia Loren in "Houseboat."



ESCAPED convict Tony Curtis is helped by Cara Williams in "The Defiant Ones."



MAJOR Bob Mitchum is in love with May Britt, wife of another, in "The Hunters."

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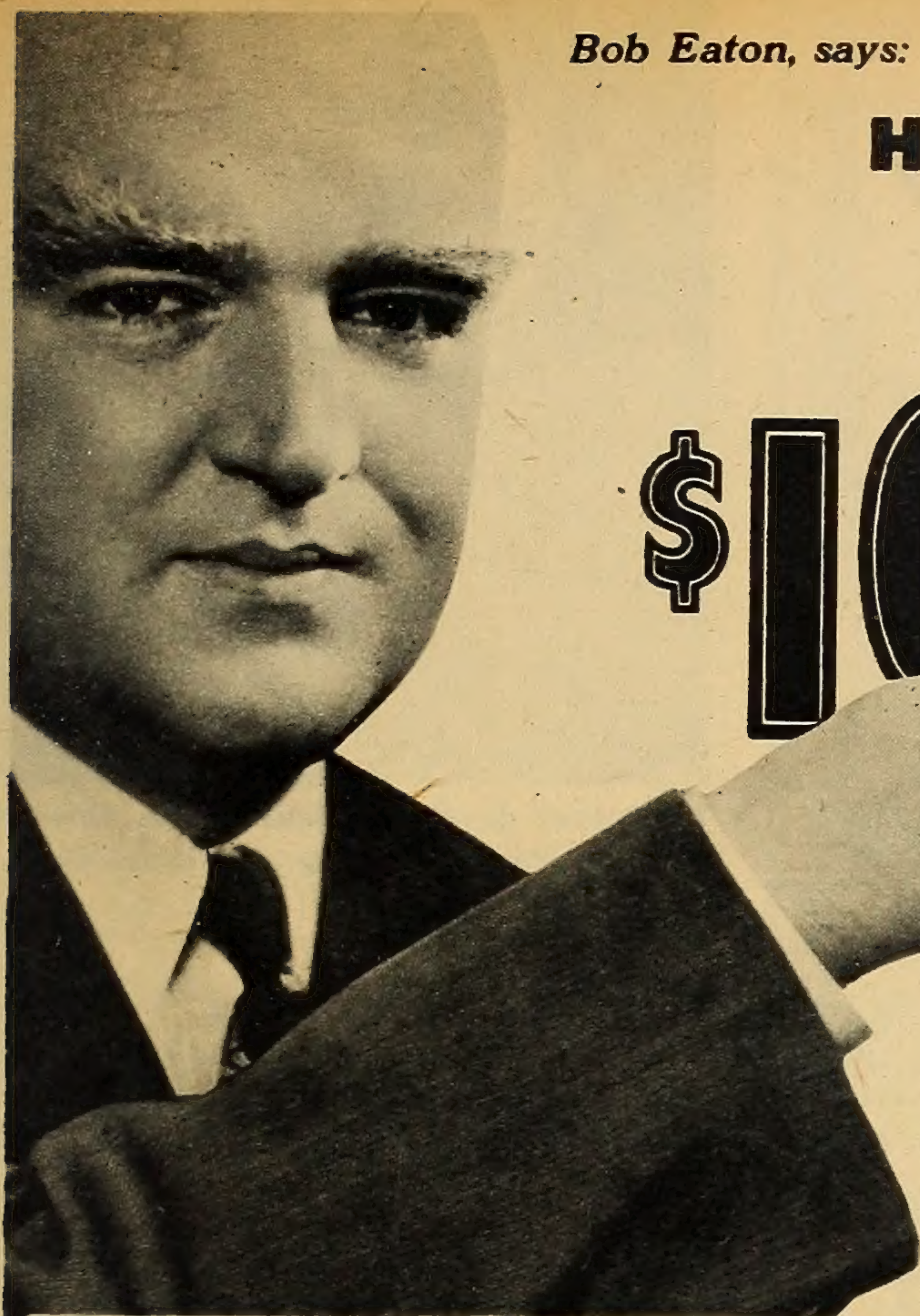
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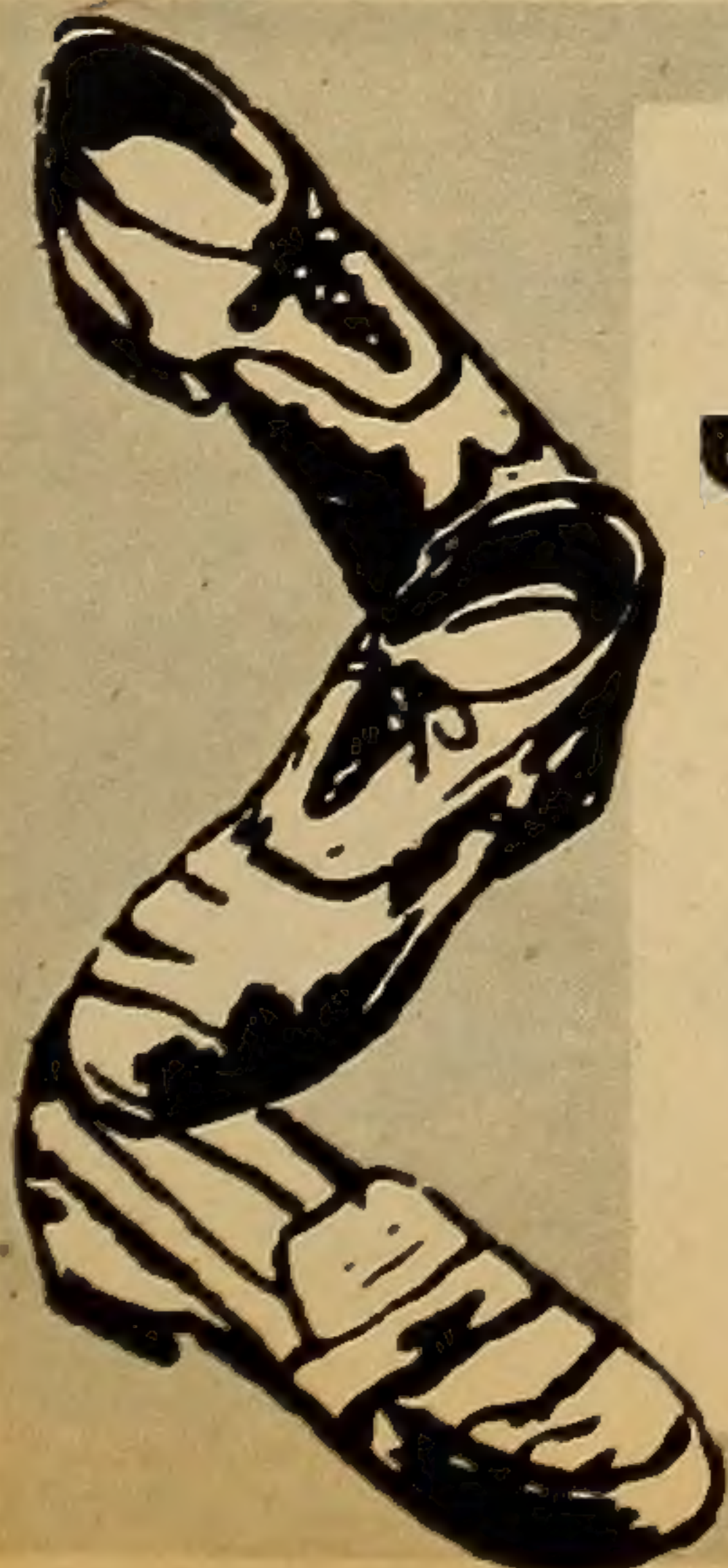
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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh organize "Camp Curtis"
- ★ Rock Hudson sharing dates with Kim Novak



THEIR four daughters tucked safely in bed Pat and Shirley Boone get to do the town.

SURPRISE—We didn't think it could happen but it did: Rock Hudson and Kim Novak caught up with each other and had some dates! They had met each other only briefly and casually before, then recently worked together an entire Sunday for a national magazine picture layout, recreating an old Mack Sennett comedy. They had a ball. They liked each other. They made a date for dinner that night. They had another dinner date a few days later. As of now, that's all there is to report. It's our bet this won't be a real romance but a spark was sparked! Meantime, Phyllis Hudson's lawyer says a property settlement has been made, so the divorce wheels are grinding. Our second bet: it will be a long, long time before Rock marries again.

ALL OVER—We goofed on the prediction that it was *The Real Thing* for Nick Adams and Kathy Nolan. They really were smitten with each other, but it's all over now. The little things seemed to break up their romance and the arguments got bigger and bigger. When Kathy

came back from a trip East, Nick went to the airport to meet her but her plane came in 15 minutes earlier than scheduled and he wasn't there to greet her until after she'd gone through the luggage claiming routine. She was angry and they argued through the entire ride to her home. When she was in the hospital, Nick sent flowers but didn't personally sign the card. Another beef. So, aren't they lucky they agreed to disagree before they married?

FANCY CAMP—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh certainly are not hiding out in their new estate. They love company and to make sure their friends would be around on week-ends they organized "Camp Curtis." They had membership cards printed for their chums, inviting them to come enjoy the pool and grounds every summer Sunday from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. They had T-shirts, beanies and pennants printed with "Camp Curtis" for the members. The men played baseball; there were dart boards and other games for the gals. They all swam. There was

always a big barbecued lunch. Tony wore a whistle around his neck and used it, as "camp counselor." Real home-folksy fun! And the friends included Debbie and Eddie Fisher, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Dean and Jean Martin, Lauren Bacall and some non-professional friends. Sort of a toned-down, tamed version of the old Holmby Hills Rat Pack!

LET DOWN—After a happy year of marriage, Cliff and Cynthia Robertson had a big anniversary party on a recent Saturday. On Sunday, after a lot of cleaning-up chores they decided to be comfortable and lazy in casual clothes and enjoy a quiet barbecue dinner in their yard. So Cliff got a good bed of charcoal and started the steaks sizzling while Cynthia did salad and fixin's and they were just ready to eat when the phone rang and friends asked why they weren't at a party. They didn't want to admit they'd forgotten it, so they threw all the food in the refrigerator, dressed and left. And all they had at the party were cocktails and pizza! So they went back home



ATTENDING a party, Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac make a striking couple.



A DELIGHTED Dolores Hart enjoys the witty companionship of her date, Mark Damon.



EXQUISITE, as always, Joan Collins attends an exciting premiere with lucky Bob Neale.



DINING at the Beverly Hilton Hotel are pert Dinah Shore and George Montgomery.

and filled up on cold steak sandwiches.

COOSOME TWOSOME — Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner still are on the honeymoon kick. While she hasn't been working, she went to Bob's studio almost every day with him while he was doing "In Love And War." They lunched together and she sat around the set the rest of the time! No-separation for them! They've moved from Bob's old apartment to the house Natalie bought a few years ago for herself and her family. She liked the house; her parents didn't need one that large since she married. So she and Bob bought it back from them. Moving wasn't much of a problem for the Wagners—their butler David supervised the entire deal.

EARL'S TRYING—Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman no longer steady date but Earl still is giving Dolores a real rush. He ran up an enormous bill phoning her while she was on an 18-city tour for "King Creole." Since her return they've been dating but Dolores has also been seeing
continued on page 57



FINLAND'S Taina Elg recently filed suit for a divorce from Charles Bjorkenheim.

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girls) under his spell,
to point out just one reason*

Why Frank Sinatra won't remarry

WHEN Frank Sinatra was appraised of the fact that handsome Irish bachelor Stephen Boyd had lost 22 pounds while co-starring with Sex Kitten Brigitte Bardot—France's answer to Marilyn Monroe—in a recent film, Frankie sneered, "I'm not about to lose 22 pounds while working with that gal. If anyone loses weight, it'll be Mlle. Bardot herself."

As it apparently must to all men, a yen for the bosomy Brigitte overcame Frankie the first time he saw her in a film. Soon, plans were under way to star both in "Paris By Night" to be made in Paris next Spring. "Brijeet" or simply "BB," the most frankly unconventional film charmer on the continent, was delighted, told a startled reporter as she climbed into his lap: "Sinatra and I should make some interesting chemistry. I'll see to it that he falls in love with me." BB also proved that she reads the American papers when she stipulated in her contract that she would co-star with Frankie, "Only if Lauren Bacall stays home."

One thing Brigitte must learn, as Lauren sorrowfully found out recently: you don't tell the "man with the golden charm" *what* to do. "Nobody," an intimate said, "can boss Sinatra. *Nobody*."

Earlier, when Lauren told a reporter that Frankie had proposed and she had accepted, Frankie blew his top. He's always been a guy who needs no one to speak for him; he does that himself. In addition, the tall, green-eyed blonde reputedly had a violent quarrel with Sinatra over his attentions to his ex-wife, Ava Gardner.

But, insiders whispered, it was TV's red-haired Betty Furness (who TWA'd with Frankie to Monaco for his recent "Kings Go Forth" charity premiere) that really

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TWO marriages were enough for Frank who likes bachelor living.

"The male animal doesn't like to be hemmed in, I'm going to continue to do just as I please—my life today suits me completely"



RARELY left alone, Frank is adept at avoiding the altar. To him, life should be a "million laughs" without any strings attached.

broke up Lauren Bacall's romance with The Thin Man. Angered, she commanded newsmen, "Do me a favor. Don't mention me in the same breath with Frank Sinatra." Evidently, however, "the song is over but the melody lingers on," for just the other night when Lauren went backstage to congratulate Sammy Davis, Jr., for his takeoff on Sinatra, twice, by a Freudian slip of tongue, she called Sammy Frankie. Later, at a party, Frankie shot out the door when he heard that his ex-flame was arriving.

Still, there are those who insist that Lauren's heart is wearing a sign, "Come back, F.S." Proving, as it has many times before: it's hard to get Hollywood's No. 1 Casanova out of your mind. Luscious Ava Gardner, haunted by memories of the past, plays Frank's records over and over in her isolated Spanish castle when she isn't fighting with and making up with Italian comedian, Walter Chiari. Ava hasn't been able to wash that man out of her hair, nor has Nancy Sinatra in the lonely \$175,000 Sinatra mansion, even though she occasionally dates Hugh O'Brian.

Curiously enough, during Judy Garland's recent estrangement from husband Sid Luft, she sobbed to a reporter: "Frank was the only man I ever loved." Lana Turner, Marlene Dietrich and Marilyn Maxwell have all been under the skinny crooner's spell, as has dark-eyed singer Peggy Connelly. "This chick is the most," Sinatra said of her when she made two trips to Spain to be with him while he was making "Pride And The Passion." But later when Peggy reportedly suggested that he settle his big blue eyes on her alone or quit, they quit! For no one dictates to The Little King. (Peggy is now very happily married to comedian Dick Martin.)

Kim Novak learned, too, as BB will, and both Ava and Lauren did, that no one *checks up* on Frankie's pursuit of women in the plural. The lavender blonde and the thinning black-haired charmer were really beginning to look like "a thing" when Kim, visiting Frankie for the second time in Vegas, attempted to find out if he was having a late date with another chick. Right there the romance died a-borning but Kim's friends believe that she would be willing to forget General Trujillo, Mario Bandini and Aly Khan faster than you can say Frankie, if he would just say the word. But the man whose success with women is legendary turned his attention to socialite Gloria Vanderbilt, dated her the day she left Leopold Stokowski, then her husband.

LATELY, the 42-year-old Sinatra has been in a younger-than-springtime phase, dating tall brunette starlet beauties of 18 who all resemble Ava Gardner. These dates continue to open old festering wounds with the press and photographers ("My life is my own business and I like it that way. Anybody who doesn't like it can lump it.") And so he introduces his lovelies as "Ezzard Charles" to inquiring reporters. Also, before her marriage he dated Natalie Wood ("a mouse who is cuddly") and Venetia Stevenson among other assorted "mice." And, at the moment, subject to change without notice, Frankie has rekindled a flame with pretty Nan Whitney of New York, who had also been a pal of the late John Garfield.

Half the females in Hollywood, New York, Vegas and European fun spots would walk over glowing coals, it appears, for a date with this fascinating, tough, wise-cracking

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CAREER-wise, Frank has enough offers to keep him in style for years. His next film: "Some Came Running."



FRANK'S universal fascination is hard to define yet he remains the center of attention wherever he alights.

Waif with a future



ACTING, Millie finds, is hard work. Here she talks shop with Gusti Huber who plays Anne Frank's mother in film.

The title role in "The Diary Of Anne Frank" went to Millie Perkins, a mere slip of a girl whose quiet manner and fragile air makes everyone feel protective about her.

By BILL TUSHER

"I THINK love is lovely, and I think marriage is very nice, too. I hope I experience both some day. I haven't done either."

Millie Perkins speaking. It wasn't too long ago when no one could have cared less what Millie Perkins thought about love or marriage—or anything else, for that matter. Now that this elfin wisp of a girl is starring in the long awaited movie version of "The Diary Of Anne Frank," the Perkins point of view on anything from a sack dress to a sacked boy friend has become a precious commodity.

There is great interest not only in what Millie Perkins has to say, but in what people have to say about Millie Perkins. Her innate shyness, compounded by her quiet self-sufficiency, has added to the aura of mystery surrounding her abrupt ascension to stardom, and has abetted the mounting curiosity about her.

During her few months in Hollywood—in the absence of adequate information on what makes her tick—she already has been characterized as a character, and has become the despair of gossip columnists who can't track her with conventional Hollywood radar.

She blithely plays hide and seek by leading her own very private life in an altogether unspectacular fashion. She keeps to herself. She cooks—in her own inept way—her own

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MILLIE PERKINS

continued



Millie still can't believe that she's in films. "I never had the desire to act," she confesses

meals. She spurns the frenetically beckoning soda stool set. She is out of bounds to the press on the set, and she rations one interview a week of 40 minutes duration snatched during lunchtime at the studio commissary.

It was during one of these brief, but exceptionally fruitful intervals, that Millie dropped the veil of mystery from her extraordinarily sensitive face, and revealed herself as a young lady remarkably well-adjusted and composed, considering her 20 years and the bonafide suddenness with which stardom was thrust upon her.

Her equipment is beguiling. It includes a subtle sense of humor, a pixie personality, a set of wide hazel eyes full of childish discovery, hair as black as coal, startling long furry black eyelashes, warm sensitive lips, an imperceptibly turned up nose and a tinkling, bell-like voice conveying surging inner enthusiasm and excitement. Without seeming the least bit conscious of her qualities, she gives off a powerful sense of the personality that has come to be identified with Anne Frank.

This is not especially surprising considering that director George Stevens, in an energetic world wide search, drafted Millie—a reluctant Cinderella who lacked a day's acting experience—over 10,224 other aspirants, including Susan Strasberg who immortalized Anne Frank on the Broadway stage. Millie's suitability for the most coveted movie role since the quest for Scarlett O'Hara was instantly recognized by the painstaking Stevens. His judgment is supported by



ON THE SET of "Anne Frank," Millie flashes her impish grin at Ray Stricklyn as they concentrate on a book of photographs.



A BUBBLING pixie with friends, Millie is almost painfully shy with strangers and she is very independent for one so young.

Joseph Schildkraut, who plays her father in the picture just as he has with four different Anne Franks on stage, the celebrated young Miss Strasberg among them.

"The other four," Schildkraut attests, "were fine actresses, but this girl is Anne Frank."

The remarkable extent to which Millie Perkins is Anne Frank never was more apparent than at her cinematic coming out some months back. This was the big bash where she unveiled for the Hollywood press on 20th Century-Fox's mammoth Stage 14 which was transformed into a full scale replica of the Dutch warehouse where the Franks hid out from the Nazis. The frightened, self-conscious girl George Stevens brought onto the milling scene set off a startled murmur when the assembled guests got a glimpse of her attire—a green corduroy jacket, a black pullover sweater, a drab gray skirt, long wool stockings and black flats.

IT WAS generally assumed that Miss Perkins was, for theatrical effect, being introduced in the bleak costume of Anne Frank. Veterans among the press corps marked it as a shrewd touch reminiscent of publicist Russell Birdwell's mastery when he had Vivien Leigh decked out in crinoline for her maiden meeting with movietown reporters upon her selection as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind."

Millie Perkins would be the first to admit she wasn't entitled to any salutes for showmanship. What she wore was standard stock from her own modest wardrobe—which consists mainly of minor variations of the same, long pre-dating her arrival in Hollywood. During her junior miss modeling days in New York, Nicky Hilton knocked at her door to keep a date. When Millie let him in, she had no make-up on, and was all dolled up in a black skirt, black sweater and black knee socks.

"I'm sorry I got here so early," Hilton stammered. "I'll
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Down on the farm

While in Westport to act in summer stock recently, Hugh O'Brian and his young co-star took time to explore the green pastures of Connecticut

◀ **ON** vacation from city slicking, Hugh lived in his most ancient pair of jeans.



WHEN not rehearsing for "Picnic," Hugh and his pretty co-star, Susan Oliver, got friendly with horse in nearby farmyard.



IN HIGH spirits after a game of tag, Susan makes a mock attempt to protest but she submits to being swept off her feet.
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HUGH O'BRIAN continued

Summertime finds Hugh working out of doors, thriving on the unhurried pace, change of scenery, chance to show his versatility



SUSIE'S dog, Maverick, tries making friends with a baby rabbit that Hugh has caught while they watch delightedly.



A TINY field mouse doesn't disturb Hugh a bit but Susan doesn't seem half as enchanted by the little creature.

IN AN antique shop they laugh at a stuffed bird. Hugh's role in "Picnic" was quite a change from Wyatt Earp.



CURRENTLY, Hugh is seen in "The Fiend Who Walked The West." Susan is in the play, "Look Back In Anger." **END**

What's her message?

Diane is one star who arouses curiosity simply because she is always herself in a world where the norm is to put on airs

photos by Gerard Decaux, Globe



WHEN Diane is with her young son, Shawn, she reveals a natural capacity for warmth that she is normally too reserved to show.

By VI SWISHER

A BLONDE maverick! That's what Diane Varsi is—the everlastin', eternal maverick—that is, if you can pin "eternal" down to a few quicksilver seconds and some mellow hours of meditation. And if you can call an important, shining new star with a solid contract at 20th Century-Fox anything so footloose and fancy free as a maverick.

In Diane's case, you might as well accept the contradictory facts without a struggle if you're ever going to find out why she won't run with the pack. For exclusive as they are, Hollywood's famous favorites do, for the most part, band together amongst themselves in tribal clumps, pretty much like the rest of the citizenry from Maine to Mexico.

Visiting in a friend's apartment, Diane plunged headlong into the business of her two-fisted resistance to pack practices. Meanwhile, her 20-month-old son, Shawn, spiritedly juggled building blocks and blew bright soap bubbles in the background.

"My most important reason for not running with the pack," said Diane, slipping down off the davenport to sit on the floor with her chin propped firmly on the coffee table, "my most important reason for not running with the pack," she repeated emphatically, "is—that I don't see any reason for doing it!"

What? No reason for going to the right places? Being seen with the right people? Shopping at the right stores? Living at the right address? Defying such things as these has always been heresy in Hollywood. Sooner or later, most everybody who remained anybody conformed to the established pattern. The personalities

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She feels the creative artist needs solitude:



DIANE was quite shattered by her divorce. She feels family unity is important. "But if I marry again, it won't be for a while."

THE handwriting on the wall shows great things for this intense young actress whose next will be "The Best Of Everything."

within it have changed from year to year, but the pattern itself has gone on, like the brook, forever.

Only recently, especially among the young newcomers, has there been a hint here and there of expanding resistance on the part of a few rugged individualists. Diane has done more than hint. She just plain old hasn't conformed.

At the same time, she refuses to be corralled in a cubicle marked "Non-Conformist." No categories for her, if you please. She's one maverick who *won't* be branded.

"A non-conformist," Diane pointed out knowingly, "is something that other people call you, not something that you are."

Take a big little thing like lipstick. Diane never wears it, except when she's playing a part in a picture. But her reasons are entirely personal, not dictated by social attitudes. They have nothing to do with all the millions of other girls who wouldn't be caught dead without their paint job.

"I just happen to think lipstick is very unbecoming to me," she shrugged, "and that's all there is to my going without it. I think very personally about it, as I do about most things—by preference. Sometimes, when I want to take the time to put it on, I wear mascara," she added, as if to prove that she has nothing against make-up—so long as it isn't lipstick. On her.

ALSO by preference and not for lack of opportunity or as a non-conformist gesture, Diane never read a best-seller in her life until she was cast as Allison in "Peyton Place" and made her first smash hit. Since then she's read her second best-seller, "Ten North Frederick," and for the same reason: because she knew she was to have a starring part in it. She has nothing against best-sellers, but feels there is so much she wants to read first. At present, she's gobbling up Greek mythology and Plato, a rich literary diet that appears to agree with her.

Dylan Thomas is one name that immediately pops into her mind as a favorite modern writer. And last year she



"If you go for any length of time without being alone, you lose your identity"



ABSORBED in her work, she views her fellow man with a detached eye. "I don't want the distraction of too many attachments."

discovered Gertrude Stein, most widely—if fragmentarily—known for having penned the line: "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." Now go make something of that! But the way Diane refers enthusiastically to this formidable author as "Gertie" Stein gives credence to the impression that she has an intimate rather than a bowing acquaintance with her works, which are, let's face it, more talked about than actually read.

In remaining completely herself, Diane has nevertheless managed to be an extremely cooperative young actress, going to great lengths to fill her obligations as a star.

After making three pictures in rapid succession, she collapsed from nervous exhaustion one day during the filming of "Ten North Frederick." She was ill enough to be hospitalized for six days. Immediately on returning to the studio from the hospital, asking no favors or indulgence of any kind, she went into a big crying scene, one of the most dramatic and intense in the picture. Nor did she cover her face with her hands, to get by the easy way. She leaned up against a four-poster bed and cried right into the camera; movingly, honestly—and exhaustingly.

"I get paid for being an actor," Diane declared in her forthright manner, dismissing the incident lightly. "I like being one."

In that statement, too, you get a revealing glimpse of this girl and her personal attitudes. Notice that she calls herself an "actor," not an "actress." She does it deliberately, somewhat in the spirit that a woman doctor would refuse to designate herself as a "doctoress." No use explaining it. You either get the point or you don't—and I'm sure you do, because you know, somehow, that a woman doctor is a doctor first, last and always, within her profession, and a woman only in her private life.

Sitting there cross-legged on the floor in her friend's apartment, Diane was extremely convincing in her honesty when she said, "I have no conception of stardom happening to me."

She was dressed in faded blue jeans. Not the kind that come custom-faded from the store, but jeans that had lost their color from many much-needed launderings and were frayed with good hard wear. Sure, she could afford a few sharp, fancy threads, but that sort of thing is for show. It

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THE ROAD to stardom is usually an obstacle course but Jimmie Rodgers took the tough grind like a trouper.

JIMMIE courted his wife, Colleen, in a hospital where ▶ she was recovering from a serious automobile accident.

The triumph of youth, love and dreams

*All the "practical" reasons
in the world couldn't
stop Jimmie from marrying the girl he
loved and reaching for the
highest rung on the ladder of success*

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



By HELEN BOLSTAD

WHEN Jimmie Rodgers and Colleen McClatchey fell in love, it was enough to whet to a fine cutting edge every razor-sharp tongue in Camus, Oregon, Pop. 5,200.

"Why should Jimmie burden himself with that girl?" said one faction of the gossips. "Does he still think he's getting a movie star? After what that accident did to her, she'll never step in front of a camera again."

"What's she getting?" said those partisan to Colleen. "A would-be singer, that's all. A drifter who'll never have a dime."

"He'll never have a real wife, either," was the retort. "They took 150 stitches in her face alone, and heaven only knows what internal injuries she has. The doctors find new things wrong with her all the time."

"Then she ought to marry a doctor," said those pro-Colleen. "It's a sure cinch Jimmie will never be able to pay those bills. All he does is go around to these joints and offer to sing for free. Who does he think he is, Bing Crosby? If he's sincere about Colleen, the least he could do is get his old job back at the paper mill."

"Why should he be responsible for her?" was the reply. "He wasn't even driving that car. He wasn't even going with her before the accident. The way I hear it, they'd had one date, that's all."

On that score, the gossips just happened to be right. The single date had occurred early in April, 1956. Jimmie, newly discharged from the Air Force, and at odds with his future, heard that Colleen McClatchey was in town for a visit.

In fact, he couldn't help hearing it, for news of her arrival was all over the radio and newspapers in nearby Portland and Vancouver as well as in Camus. The Northwest was taking pride in this lovely, blue-eyed, golden-haired favorite daughter.

At the Rodgers' family breakfast table, Jimmie's father, Archie Rodgers, pointed out her picture. "You wouldn't think that was Fern and Elbern McClatchey's little girl, would you? Guess when you enlisted, she was still running around in bobby-sox."

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THE BREAKS are coming right along and the biggest to date is Jimmie's chance to play in MGM's "How Good Girls Get Married."

Colleen right beside him; as the people around them put it, "They're so in love that it shows"

Jimmie's mother filled him in on the story. Colleen, working as a dentist's assistant after she finished high school, spent her Sundays at the veteran's hospital writing letters for the Korean wounded. When screen star and World War II hero, Audie Murphy, came in to do a show, the glowing 18-year-old caught his eye.

"Fern says that Colleen thought Mr. Murphy was just being pleasant when he talked about a screen test," said Mrs. Rodgers. "But Universal-International gave her a contract. She's been in their studio school, learning to model, ride a horse, things like that. She's had a few little parts and some day she'll be a big star, you'll see."

As chairs scraped back and they prepared to go to work, the father said, "What are you going to do today, son?"

Elaborately casual, Jimmie replied, "I think I'd better get a jacket cleaned . . ."

Brother Archie cut in knowingly. "At Mrs. McClatchey's cleaning shop?"

Said Jimmie, with a grin, "Where else?"

HE WAS in luck. Colleen just happened to be in the store; she just happened to have the evening free. She agreed to join Jimmie for a cup of coffee.

Jimmie calls it the "longest coffee date on record." He says, "At midnight, we discovered how far we had driven and we had to call our folks to say we'd be late getting home. I had to hear about Hollywood and Colleen wanted to know what had happened to me in the Army."

Considerable had happened to Jimmie. Born Sept. 18, 1933, he was an unhappy, 17-year-old freshman at Vancouver Clark College when a music teacher knocked the props right out from under him with the verdict, "You'll never be a singer."

Music had been Jimmie's life ever since his mother taught him to play piano. With a voice an octave higher than that of anyone else, he sang leads in school operettas and the church choir. Then suddenly, there was nothing. Neither the music teacher, Jimmie, nor his parents recognized the simple, physical cause. His voice had been late to change and at 17, Jimmie was just going through the adolescent's agonizing bass-treble conflict.

Deeply hurt, Jimmie vowed he would never sing again and enlisted in the Air Force. He held to the resolve until he arrived in Korea and encountered a mud-slogging, home-bound GI with a guitar on his back.

Jimmie bought the guitar for ten bucks, taught himself to play after a fashion and discovered he was in show business. "The guys didn't care whether I could sing good," he told Colleen. "They were satisfied if I would sing. There wasn't any other entertainment."

Rotated home at last, Jimmie gave the guitar to a Korean houseboy and applied for duty near home, on the West Coast. He was assigned to Stewart Air Force Base, near Nashville, Tennessee. And once again, he went into a period of silence.

Lonesome and homesick, he was wandering aimlessly around Nashville's nearly deserted business section one Saturday afternoon, when he passed a pawn shop. There was a guitar in the window and Jimmie had the required \$25 in his pocket. On returning to camp, he hid it under his cot. "The other guys were playing records and I didn't want to disturb them," he explained.

But the fine day did come when Jimmie, out on the firing range, repairing equipment, did burst into song. His secret was out. Friends eventually pushed him into a talent contest. He won, and went on tour with an Air Force show.

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HE PLAYS the guitar and the piano and has also composed a song which, to no one's surprise, was "for my doll, of course."

SANDRA DEE

SWEET



THE EYES have it as Sandra poses with her young mother, Mary Douvan, in their Westwood Village home.



SANDRA'S friends are Pom Pom, a pomeranian and Melinda, a poodle. They're with her almost always.
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photos by Del Hayden, Topix

SIXTEEN

On the way to stardom, Sandra's being called "the prettiest teenager since Liz Taylor" in movietown





SUNNY smile expresses her pleasure with clown, a gift from Jean Simmons. Sandra's new picture is "The Reluctant Debutante."

Sandra contemplates a happy future



SANDRA earned \$30 an hour as a model when she was 13, appeared on the covers of seven leading magazines in one year. Hollywood beckoned at 15.



LEARNING to be useful as well as ornamental, Sandra helps her mother prepare their dinner. She diets to keep her figure at a trim 99 pounds.



END

AUDREY AND MEL

She was in the heart of Africa, unprepared for the jungle hazards and Mel couldn't join her;



small wonder Audrey Hepburn was

Glad to leave the Congo

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

ON A COOL morning in the middle of February, Mel Ferrer unfolded his newspaper and turned pale. Thirty seconds later he was on the telephone, dialing long distance. "I want to talk to Audrey Hepburn in Stanleyville 563, Belgian Congo," he told the operator.

There was a moment's silence. "Where's that?" she came back at last.

"In Africa!" Mel retorted impatiently.

"Just a moment please . . ."

The seconds went by slowly as Mel grew more anxious by the moment. According to the headlines, Audrey had been bitten by a monkey and the worst was feared for her life. Other than that, the brief dispatch gave no information about her condition.

After what seemed like an eternity but was actually just a couple of minutes, the operator got back on the line. "I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't get through . . ."

What she didn't know was that nobody had ever gotten through to Stanleyville from Hollywood. Five years ago, when Sam Spiegel was producing "The African Queen" in Africa he had tried for a month to get a line through to Hollywood, without success. But Mel didn't know about that and what's more, didn't care. He was going to get through one way or another . . .

He succeeded 48 hours later, after his call went from Beverly Hills via New York—London—Brussels and radio short-wave to Stanleyville for a history-making first call to the Belgian Congo.

"How are you?" he cried out anxiously when Audrey answered.

She sounded a bit puzzled. "Fine . . ."

"But what about the monkey bite? How bad is it . . .?"

"What did you say?" Audrey called. Mel's voice was coming through one moment and trailing off into the distance the next, with all sorts of noises making a phone conversation all but impossible.

"The MONKEY BITE!" Mel shouted.

"How did you know about that?"

"Through the papers. It said you were terribly sick . . ."

"I'm all right. Don't worry . . ."

The rest of the conversation was pretty well drowned out in squeeks and shrill noises till they gave up trying to make each other understand.

Mel was relieved after he talked to her, but not altogether convinced that she didn't just want to alleviate his fears. However, the telegram that arrived the

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TO MEL Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn even a few hours apart seem to be an eternity.

photos by Don Ornitz, Globe

next morning assured him once again that she was all right.

But just how serious was the bite? What about the hippopotamuses she encountered? The reports of her fainting spells? The poisonous snake under her dressing room trailer? Just how terrible was the location of "The Nun's Story" which took Audrey to the most humid part of Africa for six weeks?

The complete account came out only when she returned to Hollywood a few weeks ago, to start work on her next picture, "Green Mansions," directed by Mel.

"It was an unforgettable experience, but I wouldn't have wanted to miss it for anything," Audrey admitted as she relaxed on the lawn of the Beverly Hills home she and Mel have rented for their stay in Hollywood.

"When the DC 6B that took us from Brussels to the Congo circled for a landing at Stanleyville, I honestly thought I was well prepared for any and all emergencies."

Her preparations included light clothes, books to read in her spare time, and enough mosquito netting to take care of a family of six. As it turned out, just about the only type of insect absent from the Congo was the mosquito, she was too

exhausted to look at a book after working six days a week from 12 to 14 hours a day, and while the light clothes came in very handy, she constantly worried about the possibility of losing the garment she needed most—the one straw hat she'd brought with her! There were no straw hats for sale in Stanleyville, only the much too heavy pith helmets.

Result: an urgent wire went out to Mel. "Please send two straw hats soonest!"

He did.

More serious and, as it turned out, far more dangerous, was the matter of accommodations.

Everyone in the cast and crew had been put up at the efficiently air-conditioned Sabena Hotel. Audrey had taken an apartment which had no cooling system whatsoever, since she hoped Mel would be able to join her and she wanted to be able to cook and keep house for him when he did. As it turned out, "The Day The World Ended," in which he was starring at MGM at the time, went over schedule. He was unable to get away.

Without air-conditioning, the nights in Equatorial Africa were almost as bad as the days. Temperatures shot up to

AUDREY reads over Mel's shoulder and Famous sleeps. The dog kept Audrey company on the African location of "The Nun's Story."



the luxurious feeling that relaxation affords

130 degrees with a humidity of between 90 and 99 percent even when it wasn't raining.

To get some circulation, Audrey would leave the door open. Since the apartment was in the middle of town, there was no danger of wild animals sneaking in. It was a different story at her portable dressing room, an hour's jeep ride from Stanleyville through the dense, teeming jungle.

To afford better protection from insects, the dressing room floors were about a foot above the ground. One afternoon while the cameras were being set for a new angle, Audrey happened to go back for a few moments' rest just as one of the colonials wiped some blood off a long sharp knife. "What's going on here?" she cried out.

"Nothing much . . ." he said as if he were used to this sort of thing.

Audrey, who is used to taking a lot in her stride, too, pointed at the bloody knife. "Nothing much?"

"Just killed a snake," he commented matter-of-factly. And almost as an afterthought, "If it had bitten anyone, he or she would have been dead within three minutes . . ."

Without waiting for further explanations she rushed inside

THEY don't care where they are in the world if it's side by side.



PLEASED and excited over the sketches for "Green Mansions," Mel shows them to Audrey. He will direct her in the picture.

the tent to see if "Famous," her Yorkshire terrier, was unharmed. He was safe.

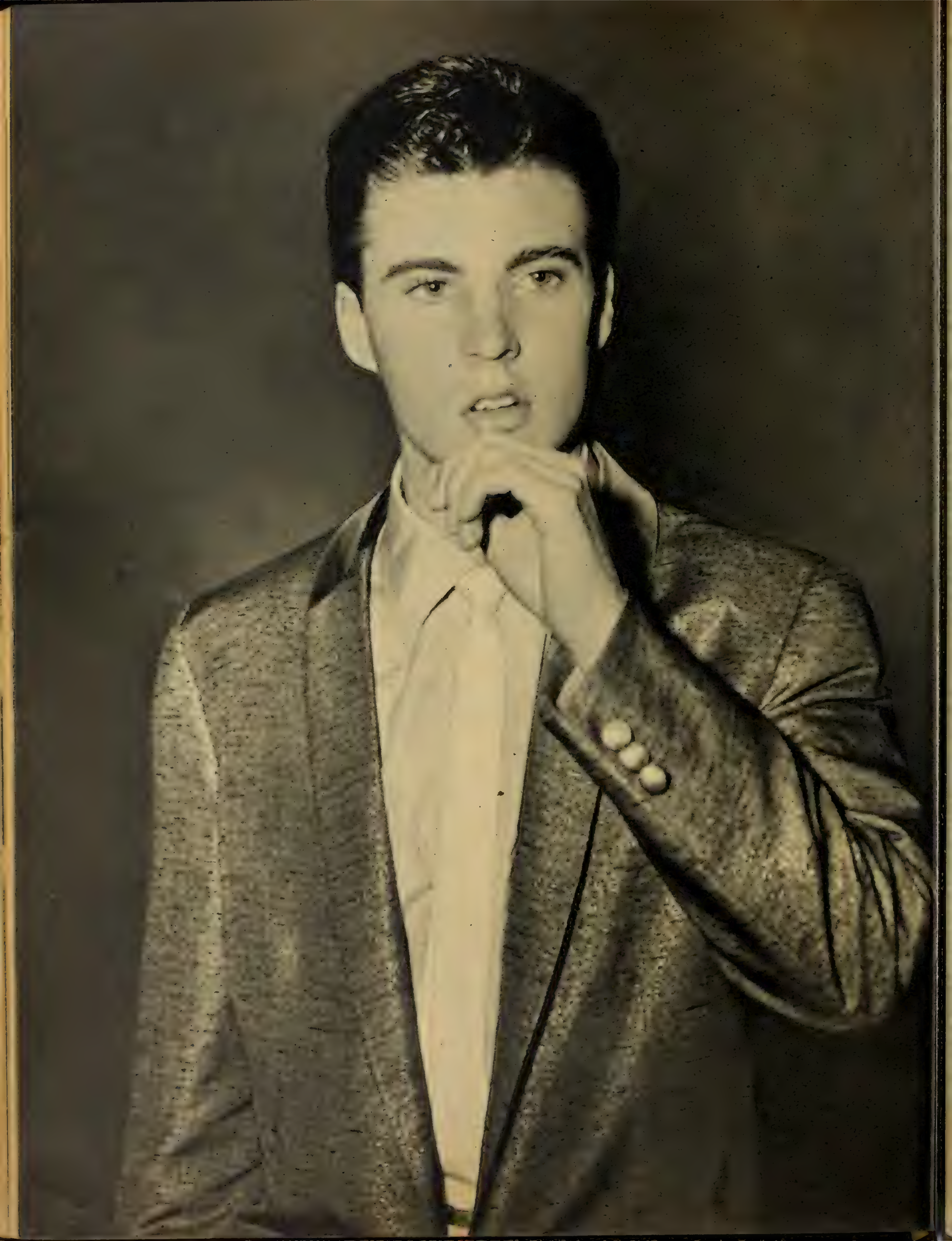
A FEW DAYS later the headline-making monkey bite episode occurred. "It was really a very friendly monkey and I couldn't blame her at all," Audrey insisted. And then she explained how it happened.

"To get to know the monkey with which I had to work in the film, Mr. Zinnemann thought it would be a good idea if the monkey were kept in the office building next to the make-up department so I would see her every day. We got along beautifully till someone thought it might be a good idea to give her a baby monkey to play with. But no one told me about it! One day I walked up to her as usual. As on every other day she jumped on my forearm, only this time she bent down and bit me. She probably thought I was going to take her baby away. I promptly poured some alcohol on the wound to keep it from getting infected. That was all . . ."

What Audrey neglected to tell was that if the monkey had disappeared into the wilderness after biting her, or had died, she would have had to take the whole series of rabies shots, which are extremely painful. The bite itself was not exactly a pleasure, either, as anyone who has ever been bitten by a monkey will testify! And while she assured me that monkeys' teeth are often cleaner than humans', the doctor kept close observation on her. Luckily, the monkey was not rabid, just "an anxious mother," as Audrey put it.

More amusing was her experience with hippopotamuses. It began with a postcard written by Mel from Disneyland, with a picture of a fake hippo on one side and a brief note from him on the other, teasing her that she could have found

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How to make Ricky {mad glad

Read on if you want to be in the know about the Nelson lad: what charms or alarms him about people, mainly the feminine kind

WE THOUGHT you might want some tips on how to get along with Ricky Nelson—just in case you ever meet him. That's why we asked him to tell what sort of things annoy him and what he likes in people—girls, specifically. Here are his answers. **The Editors**

15 Ways To Make Ricky Nelson Mad

1. *Criticizing!* "I think if a girl doesn't have anything nice to say about a fellow, she shouldn't say anything at all. Going out with a girl who constantly criticizes you is like going out with a parent."

2. *Talking About Yourself All The Time!* "Of course I want to find out a lot about the girl I'm with. But I don't like it if she has nothing else to say. It makes a fellow feel . . . well . . . sort of superfluous."

3. *Taking A High-Hatted Attitude Toward Show Business!* "Just the other day a girl came up and asked me for an autograph. 'What's your name?' I asked her. 'Why do you want to know?' she came back. 'Isn't the autograph for you?' 'I don't care for show business people,' she replied. 'It's for my sister . . . her name is Jeanne. . . .' After I signed the autograph book I heard a friend call her Jeanne—and I knew who the autograph was for. Every once in a while girls take such a high-hatted attitude. If that's the way they feel about



DOUBLE DATES are always more fun so Ricky and Yvonne Lime join David, Rick's older brother, and his date, Venetia Stevenson.

it, why do they come up at all and ask for an autograph?"

4. *Getting Mad At Him If He's Late For A Date!* "I can't help being late once in a while when I'm working. Since I don't do it intentionally, I don't like to have a girl get mad at me because she has to wait a few minutes for me till I can pick her up. If I didn't care for her, I wouldn't have made a date in the first place. She should know that. . . ."

5. *Letting Him Wait!* "I don't mind waiting if the girl has a good reason to be late, just like I don't expect her to get mad at me when I'm not on time because I was late leaving the studio. But I don't like to wait for her when she's had plenty of time to get ready. . . ."

6. *Being Over-Impulsive!* "I love my fans and I enjoy sign-

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RICKY NELSON

continued



*Ricky's career is on the move as he learns about the hazards of fame:
"I love my fans except those who tear your clothes for souvenirs"*

ing autographs, but I don't like fans who tear off buttons and ties as souvenirs."

7. *Expecting Him To Go Steady With You!* "Going steady depends on how a fellow feels. If he wants security, I suppose it's all right to go steady. As for myself, I don't want it. Not anymore. Why? Because I've tried it, and I didn't like it. . . . The girl I dated was too demanding. I always felt like I had to make apologies to her. . . ."

8. *Being A Blabbermouth!* "There are times when a fellow has nothing much to say, when it's just nice to be with a girl. I don't think she should feel that she has to keep talking all the time just to entertain him. Sometimes it's nice just to be together, and say nothing."

9. *Telling Him How To Spend The Evening!* "I only offer a girl her choice if I can't think of anything to do. But I usually do. . . ."

10. *Expecting Him To Take You To Night Clubs!* "I don't like to go to nightclubs because I don't like to get all dressed up when I go out."

11. *Expecting Him To Go Overboard On Courtesies!* "I think it's all right to help a girl into her coat or open doors for her and all that—as long as she doesn't expect me to overdo it!"

12. *Playing Coy With Him!* "If a girl would turn me down twice for a date, I wouldn't ask her again to go out with me. I just wouldn't want to look stupid."

13. *Talking About Your Other Boy Friends!* "I don't think it's right for a girl to talk about another fellow just as a fellow shouldn't be talking about his other girl friends. I wouldn't. It would sound like I was trying to make an impression on her. . . ."



A GIRL who is interested in Ricky's work is certain to make a big hit with him and, if she likes rock 'n' roll, she's a winner.

14. *Suggesting Going Dutch!* "If I can't afford to take a girl out, I just don't take her. . . ."

15. *Discussing Marriage!* "I don't think there's any point of talking about it till a fellow is ready to get married. . . . I won't be for at least four years. By then I'll be 22. . . ."

14 Ways To Please Ricky Nelson

1. *Know How To Ride A Horse!* "I don't care how well a girl plays tennis or swims, but I would like it if she knew how to ride. I bought a quarter-horse when I was on location in Tucson, Arizona, for "Rio Bravo." His name is "Tinker Toy" and he's a real beauty. I'd like to find a girl who can ride with me. . . ."

2. *Be A Good Dancer!* "I enjoy dancing. I like a girl who
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THE CHANCE of a lifetime is Ricky's when he gets to act with John Wayne in Warners' "Rio Bravo" and he is aware of that.

Love came first

When Gale Storm faced her greatest marital crisis, she knew there could be only one decision that would bring her and her husband happiness

photos by Larry Barbier, Globe



MARRIED when they both were very young, 18 years later Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bonnell are still laughing at life together.

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

SHE IS blessed, today, with a world of riches, four fine children, a brilliantly successful husband, and a bubbling sense of humor. She admits, cheerfully, "I never had it so good." But Gale Storm will never forget the night when her husband, Lee Bonnell, told her that he resented her career and asked her to quit acting. "I must," he said, "regain my self-respect."

Luckily for both Gale and Lee, love came first, as it always has and always will with the Bonnells; and though the two were young—very young—theirs was a closeness and an intimacy that never faltered for a moment. They had said, each to the other, "With this ring I thee wed," and for them there was to be no parting—ever.

Looking back now, Gale Storm knows that in learning to be a wife, love truly made a woman out of her. "From the day I met Lee Bonnell," Gale said, "I told myself that happiness would come first, before any career in the world. After we were married and the acting career I wanted was mine, I always said that if it caused the slightest trouble, I would give it up in a jiffy. I never dreamed the time would come when Lee would tell me he was unhappy, but it happened. And there I was, suddenly asked to make a choice."

Today, Gale views that critical 24-hour period in her life with a stable, sunshiny smile. "I guess I always was a kind of Pollyanna," she says. "You just have to make the best of a situation." But that day, when she and Lee walked and walked for hours, facing the greatest crisis in their lives, was still another story. Yet even then, Gale knew there could be but one answer for her, and she gave it instantly . . .

They had been married only a few years then, and Gale Storm, born Josephine Owaissa Cottle in Bloomington, Texas (Owaissa is Indian for "bluebird"), was already successful in a way she never dreamed. She and Lee had arrived in Hollywood—by different paths and unacquainted

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THE STAR of CBS-TV's "Oh! Susanna" gets in an Oriental mood to match the decor of the home she and Lee decorated together.

ENJOYING life is Gale's special passion. "If I have one talent it's that I'm always able to be happy doing what I'm doing."



THEY met while both were radio actors. Today, Lee is happy and highly successful in insurance and content to let Gale emote.



career is just the frosting on the cake; no matter what, my family comes first and always will'

with each other—as the winners of a nation-wide "Gateway to Hollywood" movie contest. Josephine was around 16, and Lee, a South Bend, Indiana, boy, was only 20. The girl who was soon to become Gale Storm was still a junior in Houston's San Jacinto High, and the youngest of five children. It was only natural that her mother should accompany her and chaperone her in Hollywood. "All my sisters and brothers were married," Gale remembered, "and Mother felt that her place was at my side."

The very first day of rehearsals—the rehearsals that were to determine the final contest winners—a miracle happened. "I," said Gale, "fell head over heels in love. Lee was leaning against a piano in the rehearsal hall at CBS. He was very tall and very dark and very handsome. One look at him and I was gone. That evening when I came home, I told Mom, 'I've just met the boy I'm going to marry!'"

The attraction was all on one side, in the beginning. Gale confesses that young Mr. Bonnell kept telling her that she was just like his kid sister. But despite Lee's pretense of indifference, he was soon asking little Miss Cottle for dates. And not too long after, Lee asked Gale to be his wife.

"Mother had asked us to wait a year," Gale explained, but a few months later the two went back to Houston and were married in the little church where Gale had gone to Sunday School. "During the wedding," said Gale, "I couldn't stop crying. The minister was a nervous wreck; it was the fastest ceremony on record."

Once married, Gale and Lee returned to Hollywood and RKO, where both were now under contract: the former Miss Cottle as Gale Storm.

Later, RKO dropped her and Gale began to freelance. She made Westerns with Roy Rogers and a flock of pictures for independent studios. "You can see most of them on TV today," said Gale, "if you can stand it." But what was more important, Gale discovered that the Bonnells were soon to have their first child. Before she and Lee were married, they had both talked about children, and both said they wanted them. But now, when Gale learned that she was going to have a child of her own, she was both frightened and shaken. Her first thought, as she says now (she is a truly honest person), was, "I can't. I'm too young. But obviously I wasn't too young. I told myself that I'd have to stop being a child and have one."

THE WAR came and Lee Bonnell went into the Coast Guard, his acting career temporarily forgotten. Gale gave birth to young Philip Bonnell, and then she went back to work again.

Fortunately for the young Bonnells, Lee was stationed during his 3½ years in the Coast Guard at San Francisco, and then at nearby Wilmington. When he was discharged, he returned to RKO to complete his contract—and then he discovered that he didn't want to be an actor at all. He had nothing against acting, but for him, it was not his way of life. Acting, Lee felt, was too self-centered. Everything turns inward; there was too much of the "How do I feel?"

"Lee had to find himself of service to other people to be happy," said Gale. "He even thought of becoming a minister and for a while studied at Chapman College. He was no starter-and-stopper; just a man who felt a great need in himself. For a long time he couldn't find a job, but it didn't matter, because I was earning an ample income and he could



A MOTHER of four, the vivacious, youthful Gale looks more like the sister of her teenage son Philip, who is a towering six feet.

have all the time he needed. Lee and I had talked it over; I would work and he would keep looking. It all seemed so simple. We really thought we were being very intelligent about it.

"But months passed and still nothing happened. I watched and waited, suffering with him, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do. Lee even took a job as a house painter, though he had never painted a house in his life. He just felt that he had to have *something* to do, some way that he could contribute to the family. Several times I even offered to quit pictures, hoping that might help, but Lee always said he couldn't be that selfish."

And yet, there came that never-forgotten day when, as Gale says, "all our intelligent reasoning gave way to emotion." Lee had suddenly concluded that it was wrong for a woman to be the breadwinner. One night, when Gale came home from the studio, Lee was sitting in the living room. There was a look on his face of a man who has made a grave decision.

"Let's go for a little walk," he said to Gale. "I've got to talk to you." The two walked and walked around the block, watching the sun fade behind the Santa Monica mountains. Gale knew that Lee's heart was very heavy. Finally he spoke. "Darling," he said at last, "I hate myself for what I'm going to say, but I can't stand it any more. You'll have to quit working. With you earning all the money, I feel that

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Home from a two months vacation in Europe, television's

most tranquil entertainer and Mr. Nice Guy is preparing

for a new and exciting season

Perry warms



up



photos by Marvin Koner, Globe

COMO charm abounds as he takes some time out from rehearsal for a haircut. Perhaps Perry's recalling the early days when he was a barber.



CALM as can be, Perry takes everything in his stride during run-through of his NBC-TV show.

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PERRY COMO continued

*At work or relaxing at home,
Perry maintains the
unruffled air of a man who is
thoroughly at peace
with himself and the world*

SIGNAL for end of rehearsal is given by Perry who raises his hands on completion of finale.



CHATTING with guest star Paul Winchell, Perry seems to be getting a boot out of Jerry Mahoney who's pretty smart for just a dummy.





HOME at last, Perry holds hands with wife Roselle whom he married in 1933. They have three children: Ronnie, David and Terri.



LOOKING at television is a favorite Como diversion. He often dozes off while lying on the couch, has to be coaxed to bed.

END

Prints and pants

look wonderful

around the house

By SUE COLLINS

The newest high school idea is to look glamorous even when you're just sitting around. Try a Peter Pan collared foulard print blouse by de Costa over tapered slacks with a big leather belt.



HOW HIGH fashion can you be—when you're in high school? The answer is—the sky's the limit! The trend is toward clothes as slick and model-ish as you can make them, *even* for after-school when you're just kicking around the house! For example, you don't just climb into your old blue jeans and boy's shirt when you get home in the afternoon, even if you're only going to raid the refrigerator, and then maybe clean up your room. Far from it! You put on pants, as you always have—but they're slick new pants. And you reach for a smart dark print blouse, which is the latest blouse there is! The idea is to be relaxed and casual, but good-looking enough not to mind a bit if somebody rings the doorbell unexpectedly. Of the four blouses shown here, three are chemise style, to be worn on the outside, and one is meant to be tucked in, which gives you an idea of the general ratio of overblouses to fitted blouses. All four are dark cotton prints, with designs running from small neat foulards (like your boy friend's tie) to tiny madder patterns (like those little designs in the middle of hard candy). The pants you choose can be anything from tapered knee-pants to the new wider slacks, to Bermudas or Jamaicas—but the very newest are not really pants at all—they're tights! The rage for tights began with the colored or black cotton lisle stockings that everybody's wearing. When they keep right on going all the way up to your waist, they become tights. They were originally intended to be worn as stockings that keep you warmer, because they're so much longer, and they are usually worn under your skirt. But now a lot of bright girls have decided that they look pretty dashing as is, and they do. Naturally, you don't go out in public in your tights, but they do look marvelous at home. And if you do have to dash out, all you do is slip a skirt over your tights, and you're all set with super-fashionable cotton or synthetic stockings. If you're brave, they're bright red. Of course, we think this print-and-pants look is exciting enough to wear for its own sake, but there's another very good reason for changing your clothes the minute you get home from school. As any clothes-minded girl will tell you, you simply can't keep your school wardrobe looking smart if you wear it to classes and then lounge around in it all afternoon. Your chemises, trapezes and skirts and sweaters will keep their shape and their style a lot longer if you take them off, brush them neat and hang them up when you get home. Same goes for shoes. Nothing is harder on shoes (and on your feet) than wearing the same pair all day, and the next day. But if you add some little flats to your take-it-easy clothes, you'll find both your home and public clothes will seem fresher and more fun to wear. Don't forget jewelry, even if you're not going any place. Dress up your pants and prints with the new long chains . . . if your friends deserve to see them, so do you! And if your hairdo is not yet wide and carefully tousled—why isn't it? After all, glamour begins at home!



Above: The middy and the jerkin, both in the new dark cotton prints. Both by Macshore. Below, chemise blouse by Monocle. With all three blouses, sleek new Tycora tights, to wear solo at home, or as smart colored or black stockings under a skirt.



The Triumph Of Love And Dreams

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Back in Nashville, he sang on Saturday nights in a little spot in Printer's Alley called the Unique Cafe.

"They must have liked me," he told Colleen. "The owners, Bob and Bobbie Green, invited me to their house for Sunday dinners. That's where I learned my best song . . ."

That "best song" was "Honeycomb." By the time Jimmie had sung that one, and every other song he knew for Colleen, dawn, too, was at the McClatchey front porch.

JIMMIE apologized for not asking for a date the following night. "I'm going over to Seaside to see if I can catch on with this little outfit . . ."

"I'll be cheering for you," said Colleen. "Call me the minute you get back."

That minute was weeks later. When Jimmie had walked into the Sand Bar cafe, the hillbilly outfit lacked a piano player. Before the evening was over, he had a job. When he decided to strike out as a single, he came back to Camus to look for bookings.

First thing in the morning, he rang Colleen. Her brother answered curtly, "She isn't here."

Jimmie and his brother Archie drifted over to their cousin's house to talk about going fishing. Then his mother phoned. "Jimmie, I just heard it on the radio. Colleen was in an accident. A bad one. She's in the hospital at Long View."

With a frantic telephone call, Jimmie reached Mrs. McClatchey and learned what had happened. With a young man. Colleen had been returning from Seattle. The night was foggy, and ahead of them, a car pulled across the highway, the driver trying to beam his headlights on a road marker. Rounding the curve, the second car crashed into it. Colleen was thrown against the windshield. No one yet knew how badly she was hurt.

Jimmie said, "I'm coming right over."

Mrs. McClatchey said, "Please don't. Colleen doesn't want to see anyone."

He received the same reply when he knocked on the door of their home, two weeks later, but Jimmie refused to be put off. "I don't care if she is bandaged from her toes to her eyes. She's not just a glamour girl to me. She's my friend and she's hurt. Maybe I can do something to cheer her up."

It became the strangest of courtships. Jimmie gives it a terse review: "For six months, I couldn't even kiss her."

As she convalesced, he took her on long drives. There were good people in Camus who were touched by the sight of the beat-up little convertible going by, the ardent lad singing, grinning, telling wobbly little jokes, doing anything to try to bring a response from the still-as-

death girl . . . trying always to put a smile back into the blue eyes which peered out from the face mask which she wore to cover the ugly scars. Seeing the couple, sympathetic people said, "That boy has character. And that girl has courage."

But there were others who shook their heads. The "practical ones," they called themselves, in defense of their clacking tongues. They claimed to know all about that drawer full of accumulated bills. Colleen was in and out of the hospital. As soon as plastic surgery began to restore her beauty, other problems came to light. There was an operation to remove a splintered bone. Then spine injuries caused a leg to shorten and she had to go into traction.

Jimmie, trying to help her bear the pain, promised himself he would also ease her financial worry. No longer could he think about going back to his safe little job at the paper mill. He could never earn enough. They'd be in debt all their lives. He had to sing, and as a singer, he had to make it big.

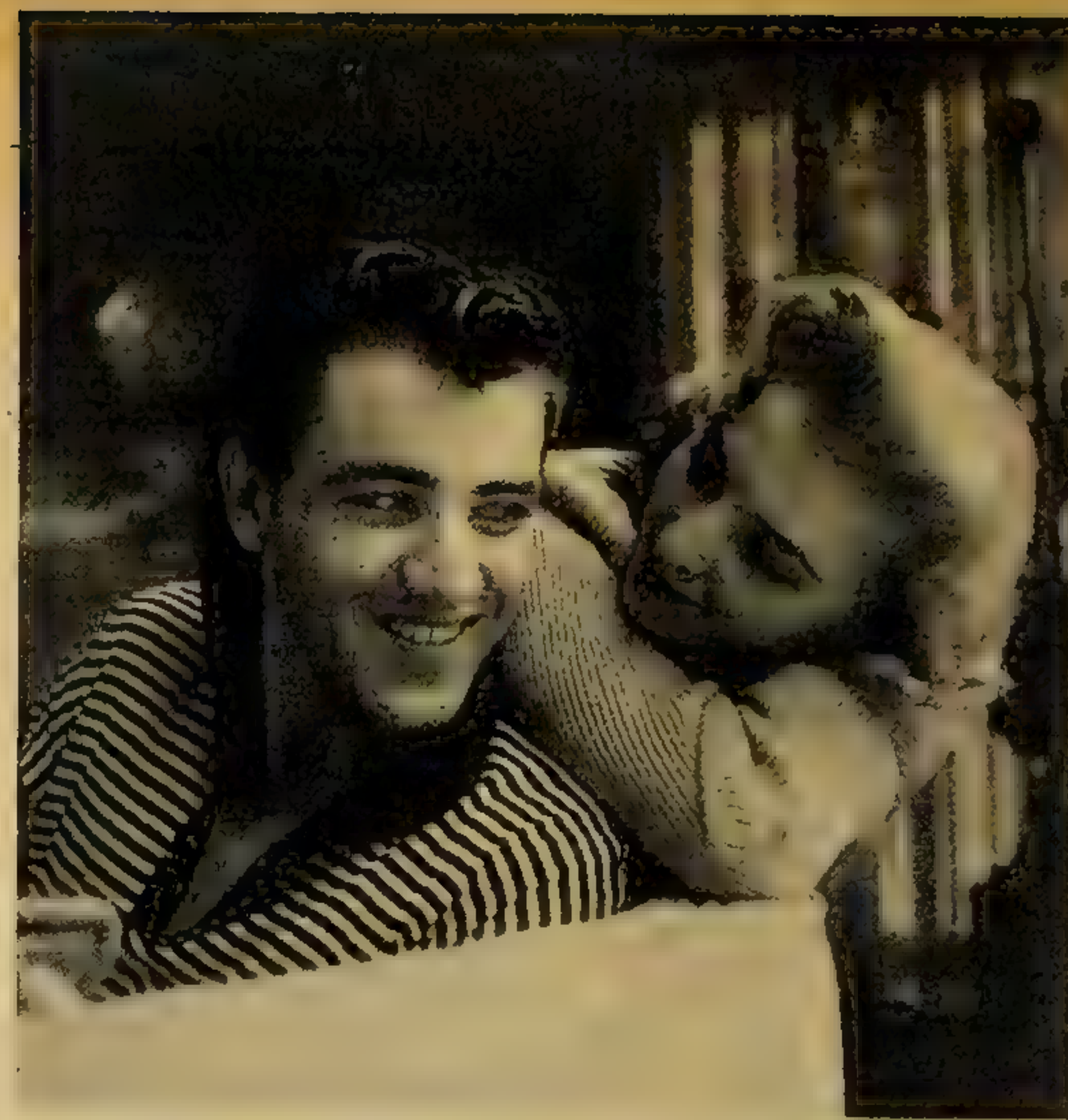
Singing his heart out on every booking he could find, he got his first real break while at the Fore cafe, Vancouver. Chuck Miller, the headliner at a night spot across the street, had a hit record running called, "The House Of Blue Lights." Chuck caught Jimmie's act and became a friend with faith. He supplied the plane ticket which took Jimmie to New York to appear on "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts." Jimmie won, but no big booking resulted.

Further disappointment came from his recording audition. Chuck sent Jimmie to see Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore, the artists and repertoire team who, first at Mercury Records and now at Roulette Records, have both recorded instrumental hits of their own and guided other artists to the top of the lists.

Mrs. Peretti, who, under her professional name of "Jerry Whitman," wrote the music of Valerie Carr's current best seller, "Bad Girl," recalls Jimmie's audition. "I was in the studio when he tried out. We all thought he was great and Hugo and Luigi knew that eventually they wanted to record him, but I guess no one made Jimmie understand it. He sort of wandered in and wandered out. It took a private detective to find him three months later."

They located him in California. With twenty cents in his pocket, five dollars in the bank, and the promise of some television bookings, Jimmie had married Colleen in Vancouver on January 4, 1957, and had gone to Hollywood.

Jimmie had guest shots on the "Bob Crosby Show" and a few other programs; a few night club bookings had



WHEN Jimmie Rodgers' big moment came he couldn't have made it without Colleen.

helped out. The only trouble was, there weren't enough of them. Colleen had needed another operation. Jimmie and Colleen were having a rough time. So rough, in fact, that when Hugo and Luigi reached him by long distance to say, "Come to New York for a recording session, Jimmie could only reply, "I can't. No dough."

Roulette wired \$300 and Jimmie and Colleen set out in their old car. He could have flown, alone, in high style, but Jimmie insisted on bringing Colleen.

People at Roulette still remember that recording session. Shy and scared, Jimmie and Colleen arrived at the studio. As he stepped up to the mike, beat-up guitar in hand, Hugo and Luigi had an inspiration. Darting out of the control room, Hugo placed a high stool directly within Jimmie's line of sight, motioned to Colleen and said, "Sit there."

AFTER that, everyone else might just as well have gone home, for all the attention Jimmie and Colleen paid to them. Jimmie played and sang; Colleen smiled and cried. Putting all their fears, problems and woes behind them, Jimmie made love to her by singing their favorite song "Honeycomb."

It was his answer to all those who had predicted dire calamity, his assurance to Colleen that every moment they had had together had been precious to him; his pledge of even better things to come.

His emotion carried through. Listeners, feeling it, bought more than a million records. Jimmie and Colleen had a hit.

The other songs which have followed have assured this good life. Television appearances, road tours and now motion pictures (he co-stars with Debbie Reynolds in MGM's "How Good Girls Get Married") indicate that Jimmie continues to reach everyone's heart.

Colleen and Jimmie have exchanged their little cottage with its home-built furniture for a new house in Hollywood. There's money in the bank, the debts are paid, and best of all, Colleen has regained both her health and beauty.

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Hollywood Love Life

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Dick Sargent. And now that Earl is working with sexy Tina Louise in "The Trap," it's our guess he'll start giving Aldo Ray some date competition with Tina. Dolores, after finishing "Lonelyhearts" with Montgomery Clift, goes to New York for her stage bow in "The Pleasure Of His Company." Her home studio, Paramount, owns the screen rights, so lucky Dolores will undoubtedly get the lead in the film, too. And this clever girl has also been designing greeting cards which have sold so well she's been asked to do a complete line of Christmas cards!

ADVANCE GIFT—Diane Jergens and Peter Brown of TV's "The Lawman" will have a big, formal Saturday evening wedding on October 11 in All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills, and it was Peter's idea! Diane had suggested a quiet, private ceremony in Carmel, away from pomp and publicity but Peter said "This is a once in a lifetime affair, let's have a big wedding." Incidentally, he gave Diane her wedding present in July so she could enjoy it during the summer. It was a Cadillac convertible.

STRONG INFLUENCE — It's well known that Venetia Stevenson is one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished horsewomen in town. And her beaux had better like riding and horses—or else! David Nelson has been dating Venetia—so now he's buying a horse! And that's a switch for David, whose big hobby up to now has been fast sports cars. What's more, he wants to do a Western, same like brother Ricky did in "Rio Bravo."

LOTHARIO — Watch for young Ron Ely, a handsome 6'2½" blond Texan who gets a terrific break in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." Ron is only 20, has a wonderful smile. He worked in oil fields, same as Clark Gable and Dale Robertson, to earn his way to Hollywood. So now he's here and really charming the starlets. In the 20th Century commissary he assured us his heart belongs to a "pretty little gal back home"—but he was holding hands with France Nuyen while he said it.

DIANE DATA—Diane Baker's favorite date, as of now, is John Gabriel, who gets his big break in "The Hunters." They lunch together every day at the studio and have been taking the night club route, too. In "The Diary Of Anne Frank," Diane plays Anne's sister, a quiet, withdrawn girl. In real life, she's just the opposite and Millie Perkins, who portrays the spirited, vital Anne, off-screen is the quiet and reserved one! And there's plenty of confusion at 20th

Century about "Diane" these days, with Jergens, Baker and Varsi all on the lot. Incidentally, D. Varsi, who has been driving a nine-year-old Ford, just broke down and bought a new car, but it's a small economy Volkswagen.

HAPPY COUPLE—Julie Adams is so proud of her ever-lovin' husband Ray Danton's new career in musical comedy that she doesn't even mind the prospect of pulling up stakes and moving to New York. Ray seems to have a whole new field opening up for him as a singer. He had the lead in "Happy Hunting" in Sacramento, went with the show to Pittsburgh and Cohasset, Mass., and now he has two offers for musicals on Broadway. Naturally, he's considering them seriously. But he and Julie, with son Steve, a dog and cat, had just settled down in their new house here!

CONTINUED HONEYMOON—Richard Egan and Pat Hardy knew they were going to spend their honeymoon while he worked on location for "These Thousand Hills" in Durango, Colo., but they didn't know it was going to receive official recognition. The city fathers there gave them a big civic dinner, complete with another wedding cake! Seems like the honeymoon is continuing back in Hollywood, too. Dick is now at the studio doing interior scenes for the film, but he and Pat live only five minutes from the lot so Pat cooks lunch and Rich drives home for it every day!

DATA ON DATES—It doesn't make sense to us, but the title on Connie Stevens first album for the new Warner label is "The Girl With The Pink Hair

And The Purple Voice." Anyway, Connie—who doesn't have pink hair—is one of the most popular gals in town these days and her recent dates have included Mark Damon, Barry Coe, and the Hickman brothers, Darryl and Dwayne.

HAPPY MARRIEDS—Jeff and Dusty Hunter had hoped to celebrate their first anniversary in their own home, but his long illness was so expensive they had to postpone buying one. Now, once again, they're house-hunting. And they did have a happy anniversary . . . Yvonne De Carlo and Bob Morgan will have a second honeymoon in Europe. They'll go first to Germany to buy a car, drive through France to Rome where she'll star in "Mary Magdalene." They'll leave their two boys here . . . Mitzi Gaynor, with hair almost platinum, and Jack Bean are back from their European jaunt reporting "That was our first real fun vacation."

BRAINY BEAUTY — Clever young character actor Henry Silva has discovered Dorothy Johnson. And that's nice discovering. Of Swedish descent, Dorothy is not blonde but a dark brunette with creamy complexion and is a real beauty. She placed second in the Miss America contest two years ago. And she's also A Brain, is a sophomore at UCLA. Oh yes, she's in films and has a lead in "Life Begins At 17."

ALL OVER—The John Saxon-Vicki Thal romance which almost reached the altar is all pau—pronounced "pow" and that's Hawaiian for finished, ended, over . . . Same is true of the Floyd Simmons-Joanna Moore flutter . . . Likewise Tommy Sands and Molly Bee. Tommy has really been playing the field on dates. Incidental intelligence: you know how

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POPULAR TV stars Howard Duff and Ida Lupino enjoying themselves nightclubbing.



MR. AND MRS. Art Linkletter seen together dancing at someone else's "House Party."

Why Frank Sinatra Won't Remarry

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man. But with rare exceptions, he never worked his lightning twice on any one chick and he's become adept at dodging marriage with the few who have given him "a million laughs."

"Yeah, Frankie's a ladies' man all right," a friend of his said. "And it's Frankie who does the walking out in every case. He likes to change women the way he changes cuff links. Sometimes, I think he picks them to match the colors in his tie. 'Big deal. You can have it.' That's what I think these dames would say after they date him. But they don't, and I'll never know why. His manners (with the exception of Baby Bacall) with these dolls is very far from cavalierish, yet he gets away with it. He's tough, sometimes rude, often an indifferent escort. At night clubs, he sometimes ignores his date to laugh it up with old pals. 'Let's blow this creepy joint,' he'll say when he's had enough of it. He's slow to light cigarettes and seldom attentive, often remains seated at the approach of a damsel. At times, he turns on his fantastic charm and wit, yet, chameleon-like, he can become a thunderbolt of anger, lashing out at even his best friends. The Bony Baritone's skin is tissue thin and his boiling point is perilously close to the surface."

Far from handsome, Francis Albert Sinatra mows down females from four to 40-plus. "My four-year-old daughter," Lauren Bacall once said, "is ready to walk off with him, which is the story of his life, I guess." Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt considers him one of the most charming men she's ever met. He enthralled Deborah Kerr and Jo Stafford when he worked with them; his monumental generosity caused Celeste Holm (an ex-girl friend) to say: "When Frank looks at you, a well of affection springs up, and suddenly it's a Cadillac."

Seemingly, Sinatra's receding hairline and bony chest, which bother him, are no handicaps when it comes to his phenomenal fascination for women. Nor are the facial scars which he suffered at birth during a difficult forceps delivery. His large bright blue eyes and his fetching smile radiate sex appeal and his wiry toughness contributes a strong impression of masculinity. In an effort to convince himself that he's a big sexy tough guy he walks, talks and looks like a movie conception of a gangster, lordly presides over his entourage of prize fighters, likes to dress in a navy suit, a black shirt, a white tie and a black and white-banded, straw hat, to hide his precariously thinning hair. In Hollywood where nobody wears a hat (except balding Bing Crosby) and where casual sports clothes are *de rigueur* for men, this set-up automatically draws a lot of at-

tention at premieres as does the beautiful doll hanging on his arm. And Frankie likes that.

The dozens of glamorous gals who sit by their telephones at night on the chance that The Voice will call, like him, too, and frequently sigh as they say: "Frank is the only man who ever understood me." All this is not new. Way back in the early '40's when Sinatra was the Elvis Presley of his day, a scrawny, wistful-faced, little Pied Piper with a reedy boudoir voice, bobby-soxers dropped in theatre aisles like flies at their first glimpse of him.

Why, then, does Frankie continue to remain a bachelor? Why doesn't he marry one of his "gassers" who hand him "a million laughs" and whom he is won't to describe as "a chick who's the ever-livin' end" or, more rarely, "I'm real hung over on this beetle," i.e., a flashy gal who makes with the real sharp, good looking clothes.

The answer, purely and simply, is that Sinatra has no intention of seeking a third wife. Except for the flurry over Lauren Bacall, there isn't the slightest indication that he'll give up the many for one.

It was during one of his more relaxed moments that he remarked, "The male animal doesn't like to be hemmed in, and I'm going to continue to do just as I please. In fact, my life today suits me completely. I don't need anybody in the world to tag along with me except my three kids and maybe a couple of the guys I keep around for laughs."

AFTER two unhappy marriages (in which he was tagged "the world's most impossible husband") Frank Sinatra can't be blamed for admitting that he's "had it." And he has told friends that his first marriage to Nancy Barbado, a pretty, unsophisticated, intelligent daughter of a plasterer in Jersey City (whom he intermittently courted for four years and married when she was 20 and he 23) "began to disintegrate a little more than a year later." Frankie's increasingly roving eye finally ended it. And then, Ava's beautiful hazel eyes turned to green almost from the beginning.

"I'm possessive and jealous, and so is Frank," Ava said at their breakup. "He has a temper and I have a temper and neither of us can give an inch." For his part, Frank has said bitterly, "I was real hung over on this chick." Even today his reaction to the mere mention of Ava's name attests to the wounded ego and shattering heartbreak that he suffered in that cyclonic marriage. Yet he keeps pictures of her near and he sees her when she needs his help.

"For Frankie," said an intimate, "both



LUCKY Nan Whitney at night club with the unpredictable, irresistible Frank Sinatra.

marriages and a number of romances have all turned sour. He's at his worst when he gets to brooding about the women in his life. You should have seen him the night he read that Ava was going to marry Chiari . . . he acted like a wild man. I guess you can say that Frank doesn't only have those facial scars. Inside, he's got a lot of other scars . . . and he's been forced by his own nature to deal a lot of them out to others, too.

"So, tell me, why should he remarry? Redheads, blondes and brunettes all finally change to the 'blues' for this basically unhappy guy. Right now he's sitting pretty. Never in his whole lifetime has he had it so good. He's riding the crest of his greatest professional success. Offers pour in that could keep him busy for the next 20 years. He keeps up the most frantic pace in show business and thrives on it. 'I'm a one man industry,' Frank says. He had a marvelous \$150,000 modern bachelor house high on a hilltop, decorated in his favorite colors, black and white, and he boasts he has the best cook in town. He comes and goes as he pleases answering to no one and he has an elaborate layout in Palm Springs, too. His is the perfect set up . . . why should he change it for another swing at matrimony?"

Why . . . indeed? And again, why has this tremendously talented man had so much women trouble in his life? After a look into his early life, one doesn't have to be a psychiatrist to find the pattern of his difficulties. (Once, for three months, Frank was in analysis, but friends believe he gave it up before he should have.)

Frank's father, Martin, was an amateur boxer, silent, unassuming, racked with recurrent asthmatic attacks. His mother, Dolly, an over-powering, dominating woman, was the queen bee in the hive of her Hoboken neighborhood, known throughout the city. A political

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Love Came First

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I'm not being *forced* into finding a job; there's no pressure on me. I guess a man just has to be the breadwinner. Whatever it is, I can't bear your making the money we live on. If you quit, I'll *have* to find something. And I'll win back my self-respect."

"I made up my mind instantly," said Gale. "I told my husband 'That's all you need to say. I'll call the studio tomorrow.' And I meant it, with all my heart."

FOR Gale, this was no great heroic gesture. "It was a decision that I could make without even thinking," Gale has said. "Any woman who has a wonderful marriage and doesn't feel this way must have holes in her head. Any woman who has the man she loves, as I had, and his children, couldn't achieve greater personal fulfillment from a business career, no matter how glamorous and lucrative. I fell asleep peacefully that night."

The next morning Lee awakened Gale. "Jo," he said (Lee still calls her this), "don't call the studio. All I had to hear was you saying 'yes.' As long as I know you're with me, I'll fight this out."

Even so, the Bonnells' problems were not yet solved. Gale suddenly became self-conscious about her career and recoiled from mentioning her work to Lee. "When something wonderful happened to me during the day," she said, "I didn't tell my husband because I was afraid he might be hurt; if something disappointing happened, I didn't talk about it, either. I didn't want to add to Lee's burdens. This is the only dishonesty that ever existed in our marriage, and it upset me terribly."

Then Lee and Gale met an older couple; the husband was in the insurance field. The man was sure Lee would make a great insurance executive. "Frankly, the idea didn't appeal to Lee at first," said Gale, "because he thought it was simply a high-pressure business. But he decided to try it. He went through the training school at his own expense. It was rugged, really rugged, but within two weeks Lee knew that this was what he wanted to do. He was no big flash, though he's a pretty big flash now, with his own general agency, but in no time at all he knew that he had found the way of life he was seeking."

Ever since, Lee Bonnell has been the long-range breadwinner in the family, and as Gale has declared, "It will never be any other way. It doesn't make any difference who earns the larger paycheck, but her check must be the cake—his, the bread."

And Lee Bonnell, wearing the respectable tortoise-shell glasses of a successful insurance executive, which he is, answers with his droll humor, "Just

think of me as the children's father. We have four, ages 15 to almost two: Philip, the oldest; Peter, 12; Paul, 11; and our daughter, Susanna, who was named for Gale's CBS-TV show, 'Oh! Susanna.'"

But little Susanna made an actual appearance on the show when she was a year old. She was a big hit, and the next day, Gale's producer, Alex Gottlieb, sent her a little note. It read: "Don't be too secure, Miss Storm. We're only waiting for Susanna to start talking."

No one, however, really dreams of getting rid of Gale Storm, who, at 36, has a pretty dimpled face that not only does not grow old, but will probably, Gale says, "have me playing teenage parts when I'm 90." This is her third year on the top-rated "Oh! Susanna" show, and her previous series, "My Little Margie," is playing its sixth time around on various stations. Gale, despite her wry description of herself as being "medium lousy," has made noteworthy



ENERGETIC Gale Storm astounds everybody around her with her capacity for hard work.

accomplishments in virtually every medium of show business. Six years ago she began singing ("I'm really a frustrated opera singer," she laughs), and as a recording star for Dot Richards, sold some four million discs her first year. Her night club act at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas broke all existing records for the spot.

"If I have one talent," says Gale, "it's that I'm always able to be happy doing what I'm doing." She is a smallish girl who hardly looks robust enough to keep up with her current goings-on, and her six-foot son Philip towers over her. A blue-eyed blonde of medium height, with a baby's clear skin and probably the prettiest teeth in Hollywood, Gale weighs a good 100 pounds if she eats and eats. She loves to work. One observer said her work capacity is actually too high. Recently she took some kind of scientific test which her husband gives

to prospective salesmen, and that was the verdict. She has to control her impulse to work too hard.

"I've always been this way," says Gale. "I just like to work. I enjoy it so much that I never know how really tired I am until I stop."

One of her business associates who has known Gale for several years remarked, "When Gale is working, the entire crew stands around, waiting for her to entertain them. She does. She gives two shows in one."

"In the beauty parlor, she reads stories in the movie magazines about Susan Hayward, Sophia Loren, Ingrid Bergman and other top stars with as much wide-eyed interest as the next *hausfrau*. Her idea of a glamorous afternoon is to officiate as one of the hostesses at a tea given by the PTA to which she belongs, or to help arrange an amateur 'What's My Line?' program at the church that the Bonnells attend. She taught Sunday School for a while, but she had to quit because, as she said, 'The kids were getting too big and too smart for me.'

"But most of all, she probably has less of a big star complex than anyone else I know."

In the big, beautiful modern house the Bonnells have recently built atop a hill in the Valley (it is only the second house they have owned), Gale seems content as never before. "It's a wonderful thing to know," she says, "that I don't have to work unless I feel like it because Lee's business can support us. We live on his income, not mine. As a matter of fact," she laughed, "a couple of times lately I've tried to get Lee to ask me to quit, but no such luck. But maybe the kids will take over before long. Philip's beginning to sing; he's got a real deep voice, *waaayyy down heerrre*—" Gale imitated Philip's youthful bass—"and he's already starting to get fan mail, though I don't dare tell him. Now he has his first after-school job—stock boy in a greeting card plant, but he may turn into an actor or a singer in the end. If that's what he or the other children want, it's fine with Lee and me."

GALE is not a great one for cooking or housework, though she will answer the doorbell herself when the housekeeper is busy, and listen with sympathy to a salesman's pitch. Nor is she much for gardening—"I have no green thumbs; I'm not even a good weeder, like Lee and the boys"—but she does love her Chinese contemporary house, with its pecky cypress interior walls and superb decor. "Lee and I planned and decorated the house ourselves," she says, "with help from a decorator friend." Most of all, the Bonnells enjoy their Oriental tea-house and playroom built on a ridge above the swimming pool, where the family spends so much of their outdoor living. She and Lee have taught rock

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Waif With A Future

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just sit here and wait for you to dress."

"But I am dressed," Millie replied.

When she sat down for lunch in the raiment of Anne Frank, recollection made it difficult to distinguish between her own clothes and her movie getup. Millie's almost starkly simple taste in clothing reflects a personality that instinctively shies from anything flamboyant—and perhaps, dramatic as it may seem, reveals a strange affinity between her and Anne Frank.

Physically, of course, there is considerable similarity between the martyred Jewish heroine of the Nazi occupation in Holland and the frail Catholic cover girl from Fair Lawn, New Jersey. Points of likeness are as obvious as they are compelling. Millie's coloring and features are almost identical with those of the girl she portrays. Like Anne Frank, she is fragile and childlike in build, constantly struggling to boost her 95 pounds to the 100 pound mark.

HOWEVER much of Anne Frank there may be in Millie Perkins, there is much in Millie Perkins that has Hollywood guessing—particularly her love life or lack of it. Millie's romances—real or alleged—have accounted for considerable guesswork on the Hollywood gossip circuit. In fact, the speculation has been so zealous that Millie brands most of the reports which have found their way into print as fantastic fabrication.

On the one hand, she was been rumored in love with the picture's associate producer, George Stevens, Jr., personable young son of the producer-director; and on the other hand, she has been reported to have had clandestine meetings with a mysterious GI whom she supposedly plans to marry upon completion of her picture, thereupon to retire from the movies.

Confronted with the rumors, all George Stevens, Jr., will say is, "Well, I'm the only single guy around, so that makes me a target."

Millie herself acts as if she had no idea anyone could be harboring such quaint notions about her and the son of the director she reveres. She is more outspoken on the report of her alleged plans to marry a GI and quit pictures. The first thing she said when she met the trade columnist responsible for that report was a testy:

"Let's get one thing straight. I am not marrying any GI or any ex-GI and giving up my career."

Statements like these have been responsible for the misleading impression that she would rather not talk about such relationships as she may have with the opposite sex. Her attitudes about romance are normal in some respects, and unorthodox in others.

Millie's nice appreciation of the possibilities of love and marriage, much as it may surprise those who have her written off as another in a long and tedious line of Hollywood enigmas, does not represent all of the things she has to say on the subject.

Quite the contrary, she gleefully admits that she does correspond with a GI, and that he is the one and only boy she ever considered marrying.

"I hope," she caught herself, "you don't mention him as a love interest because he's not. He's just one of my very good friends. I write to a lot of boys. In fact, I write to boys more than girls."

Millie's preference for males—in person or by correspondence—is a healthy hangover from her childhood.

"I never had girls to play with," she recalls with a touch of whimsy. "Only boys. I had all my sisters so I never made girl friends, only boy friends."

One of Millie's friends is Richard Beymer, the boy with whom she falls in love in the picture. "It seems to us," ventures an observant informant at 20th Century-Fox, "that she's halfway interested in this Dick Beymer. They are quite palsy on the set."

Her evening with Dick at the Canadian Ballet when it graced the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium is revealing of the kind of relationship Millie prefers with boy friends. She bought two tickets, realized she needed someone to take her, then phoned Dick and asked if he'd like to come along. This night out is described as her only Hollywood date.

"But that wasn't a date," Millie insists. "I asked him."



WISTFUL Millie Perkins was a New York fashion model before going to Hollywood.

It is this self-sufficiency on the one hand, and her painful shyness—with strangers especially—on the other hand that has invited the erroneous impression in some quarters that Millie is aloof and self-centered. She is self-conscious, which in her case at least is something quite different from being self-centered.

She is self-conscious when she is thrown among people she doesn't know, and she is self-conscious about the fact that she comes to stardom not only without training—but without having sought the opportunity. While she has managed to overcome many of her early doubts, she is not easily persuaded that she is adequate to her task.

HER anxiety about doing well accounts for a 24-hour preoccupation that demands generous understanding and is not calculated to win friends and convert disciples among the thin-skinned.

Millie realizes that she is no hail-girl-well-met, and she attributes this, with no misgivings, to a childhood in which she was a card-carrying member of the closely knit, self-contained family unit. It was presided over by her mother, Katherine Perkins, who was a veritable playmate, and by her seafaring father, Adolph Perkins, a merchant marine captain who always comes home with rollicking tales of adventure.

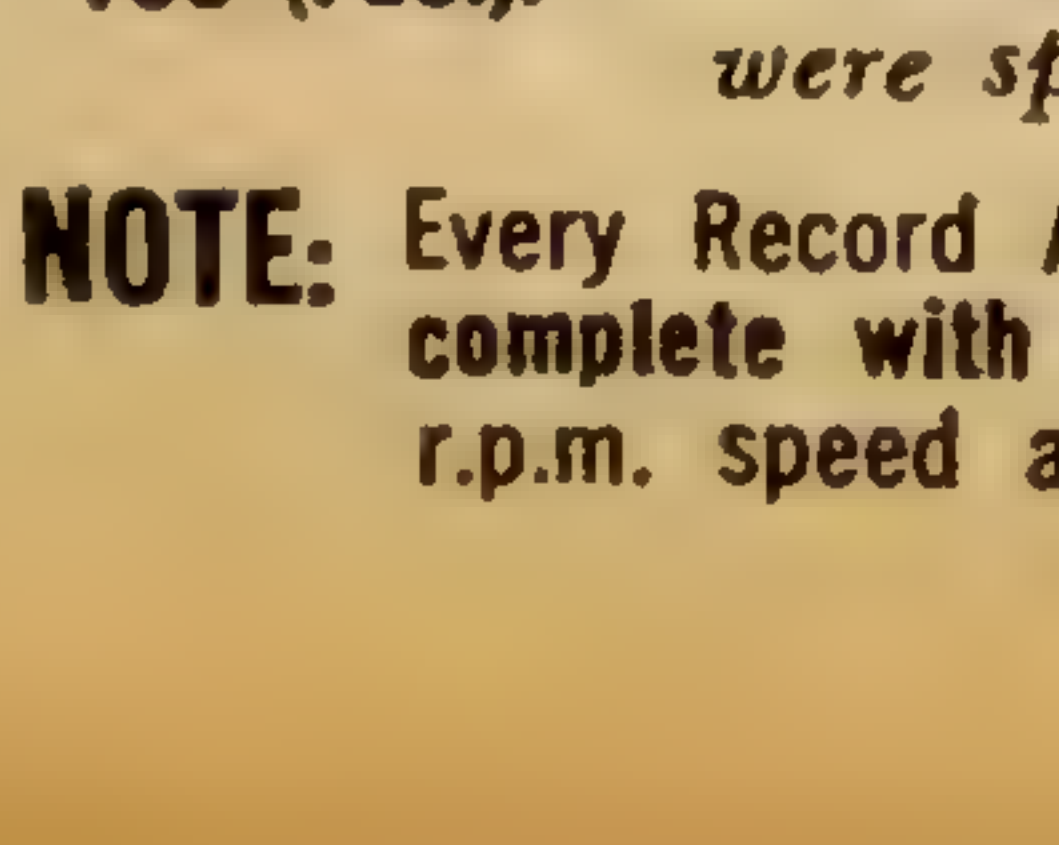
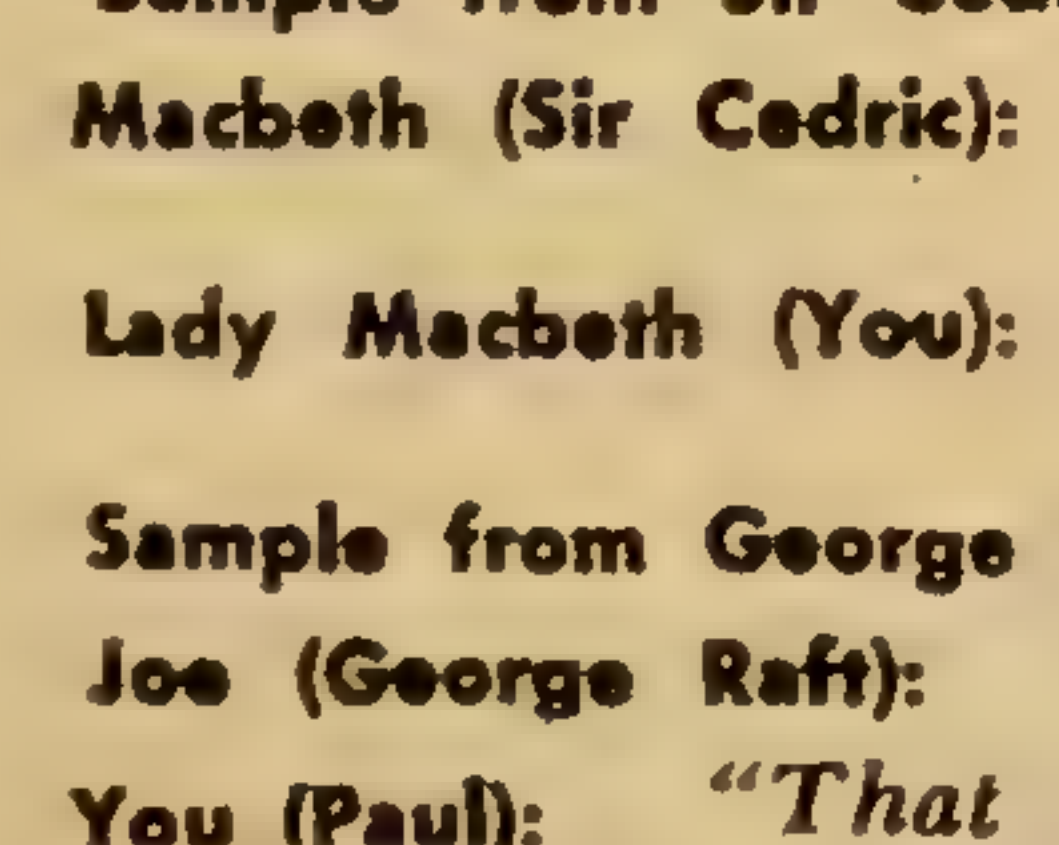
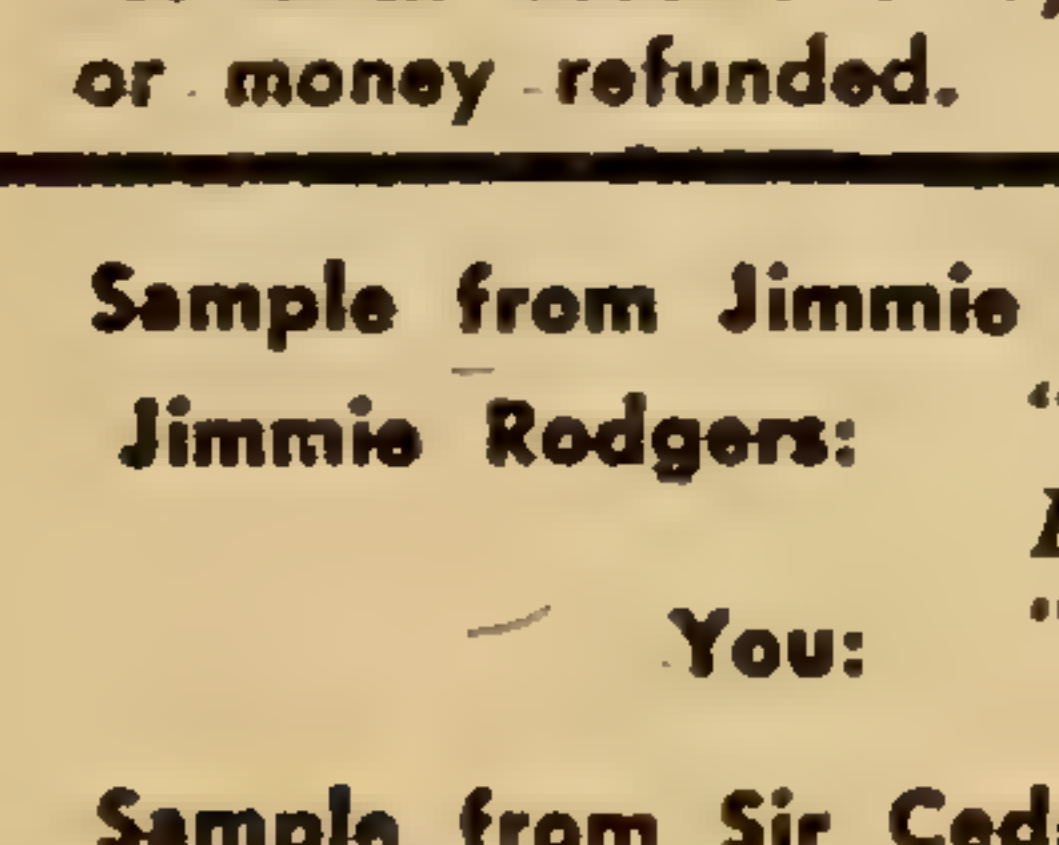
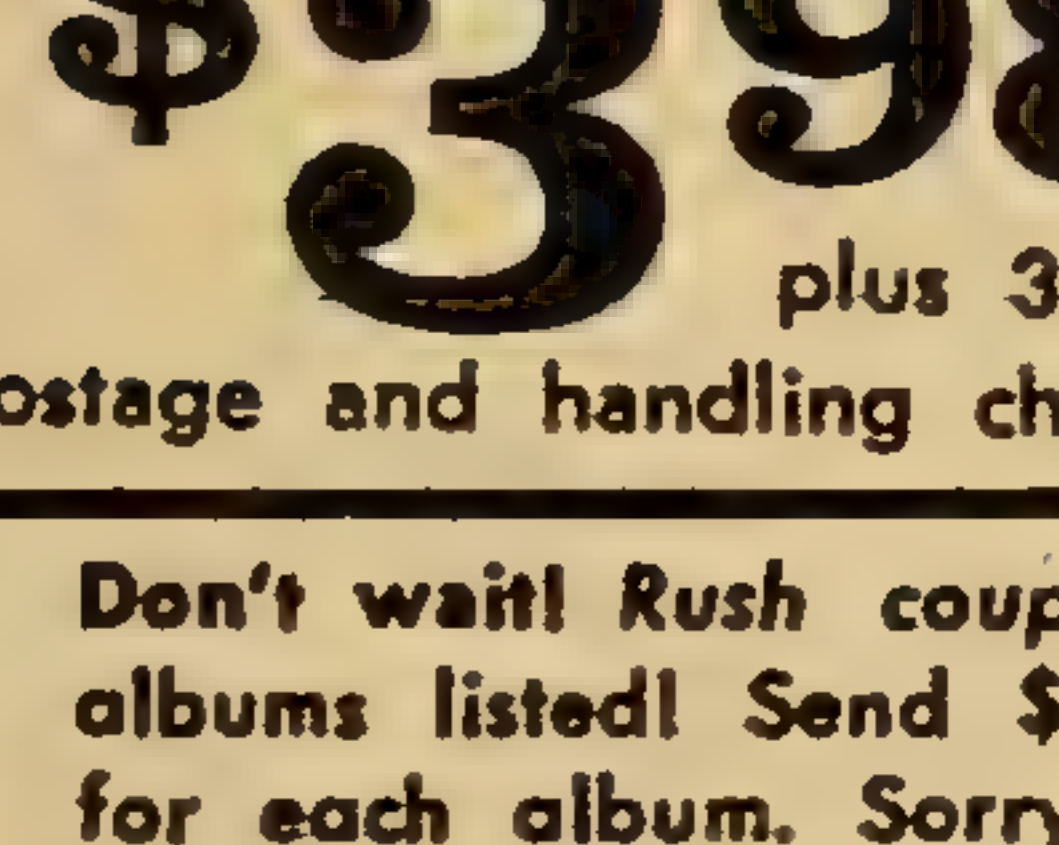
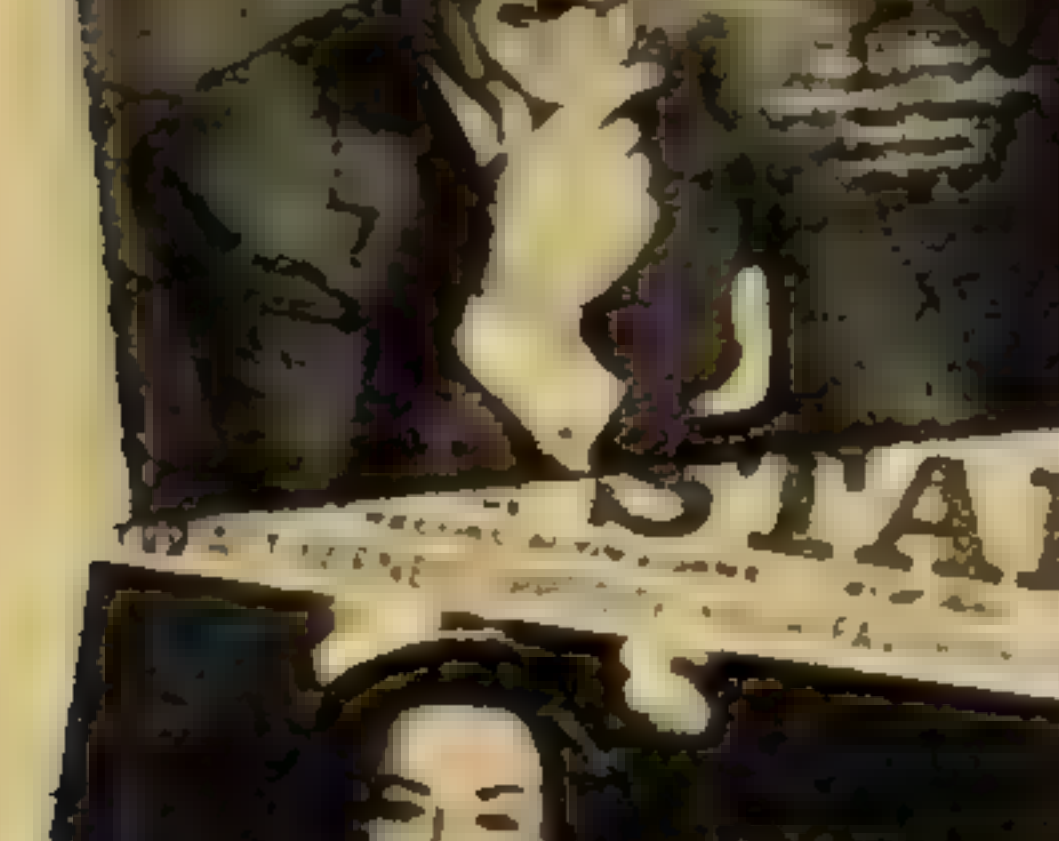
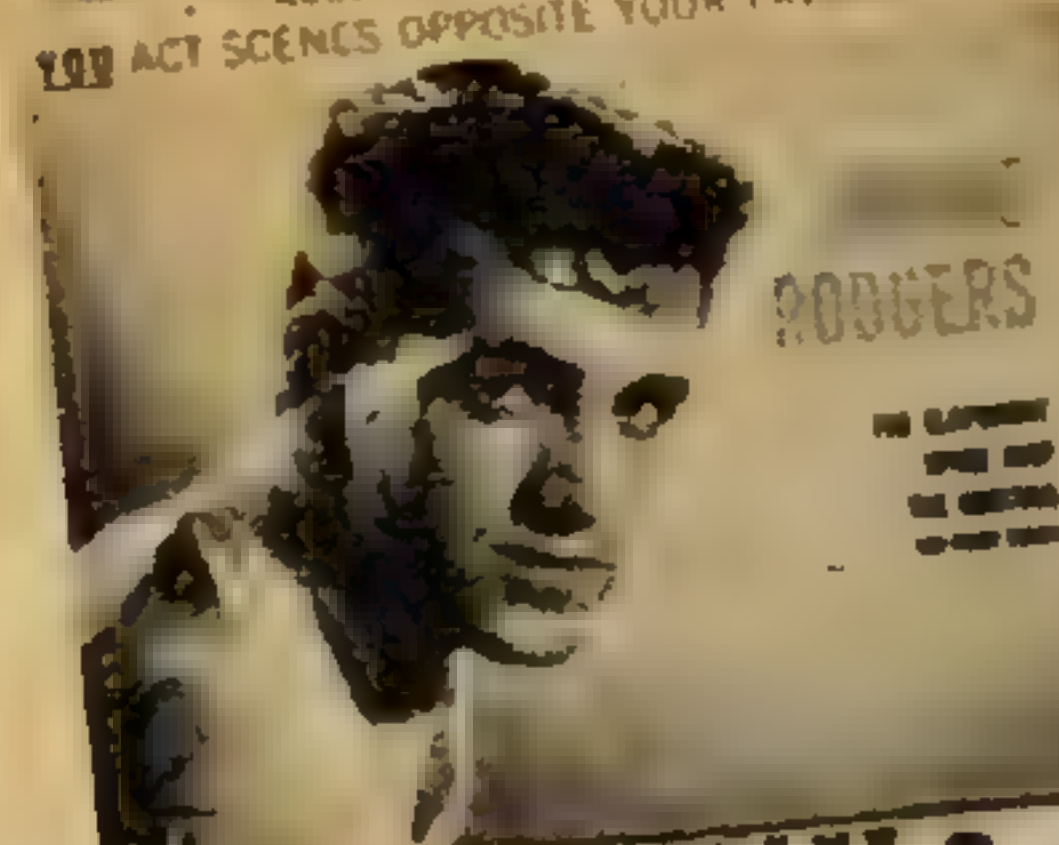
"My family," Millie reasons, "has been a big influence in my association with people. When I was young, I never went outside of my home to play. I never belonged to girls clubs, the girl scouts or any of those things. My mother was like another girl. My father was an adventurer. I love sea stories, and our adventure was never from outside. My father came home and brought it. We were always having fun. All my emotions were related to my family. So until I grew up, I never associated with people outside the home except, of course, for going to school."

When at the urging of friends she grudgingly moved to New York's Greenwich Village to take up the lucrative career of a teenage cover girl, a childhood of almost total family insulation had its inevitable effect. This perhaps explains why the set was closed during the three days that Millie was doing a scene for the film in her slip, and why she came to be known as "The Mouse" during her two years residence in Greenwich Village.

"I found it difficult to associate with people. If I was in a room with a lot of people and someone came over to talk with me," Millie admits, it would upset me terribly. All I knew was that I couldn't get along with people too well if I didn't really know them. I always managed to have a handful of people that I was quite close with, so it would never bother me at all. That's all I ever really needed, I think."

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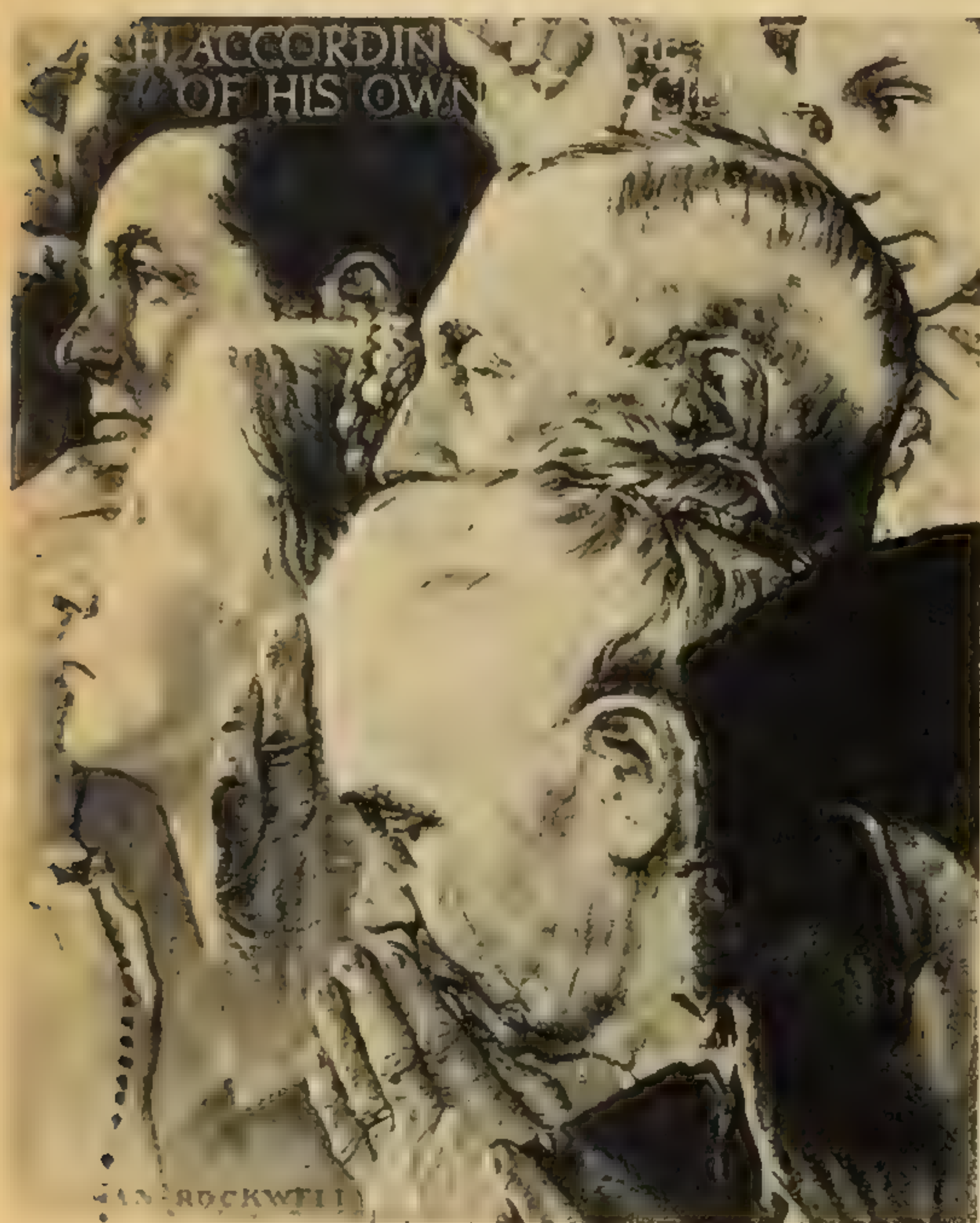
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WAIF WITH A FUTURE

continued

Millie still feels at a loss at cocktail parties or any other functions where she might be expected to turn on the charm indiscriminately for friends and strangers. Although she confesses that "I've been doing a lot of thinking about not talking," she maintains that she is not bothered by what people may think of her as a result of this shyness.

Withdrawn though she frequently may seem, given as she is to shifts in moods from gaiety to sadness, Millie appears to have no trouble attracting friends even though she does not court them. They are drawn—despite her vaunted independence—by her air of helplessness, by her fragile quality.

"The whole cast has adopted her," one executive at 20th exclaims. "She looks like a waif, you know, especially in her 'Anne Frank' getup."

This is scarcely an exaggeration. George Stevens directs Millie with fatherly tenderness, calling her Anne rather than Millie. Nina Foch, who coached her for several weeks after her first uncertain day on the set, watched over her like a mother hen. Diane Baker, who plays her sister, has had Millie spend the weekend with her and her family at Laguna, and Millie has been a frequent dinner guest of Shelley Winters, who portrays Mrs. Van Daan.

There seems little likelihood that Millie will go Hollywood. She doesn't have the time.

"I've only been working," Millie declines to pass judgment on the tinsel city. "I haven't seen anything or done anything. I haven't met many people. I can't say I dislike it if I don't know the town. I just came, and it was all new. I think what's new to me is a matter of course to other people. I wasn't anticipating anything wonderful. I didn't expect to work this hard or this long. I don't even have time to see movies. I love to read and draw, and I don't have time for that either."

If Millie seems less than ecstatic about being a movie star it is because she always has been a reluctant Cinderella. Despite the fact that she was a star player on the girls' basketball team at Fair Lawn High and a cheer leader, she never has sought position and fame. She was pushed into it.

"I don't know why they chose me for Anne Frank," she says ingenuously. "But then I never know why things happen to me. They always come as a surprise. I never try to make them happen."

The way she became a high-priced junior miss model was typical. After she was voted the prettiest girl in the graduating class at Fair Lawn, a friend insisted that she pose for some pictures, and he took them to a Manhattan model agency. Millie would have been perfectly

content to hibernate in Fair Lawn, but she was ushered across the Hudson to sit for \$125 an hour. She liked the money, but not the work.

"They weren't pictures of me," she says. "I was only a clothes hanger."

She was even more reluctant when Hollywood came running after her with a glass slipper. Owen McLean, George Stevens' casting director, was stopping over in New York en route to Europe where he was to screen overseas contestants for the part of Anne Frank.

Millie was sitting in a restaurant with her older sister, Christine, when McLean spotted her. He introduced himself to Christine, and nodding toward Millie, asked, "Does this girl act?"

Millie shook her head. He explained his purpose and handed Millie his card, but she immediately dismissed it as improbable nonsense.

"I never had the desire to act," she confesses. "I never acted in school."

Several days later McLean's hopes and enthusiasm were rekindled when he discovered Millie's picture on a magazine cover. He traced her through her model agency and pleaded with her to take an interview test. He wanted her the next day, but Millie said it was out of the question because she had a modeling assignment. McLean couldn't get her to take him seriously. He set up another appointment more to Millie's convenience. She kept it just to get him off her neck. She didn't want the part to begin with, and she was sure she couldn't get it if she did want it.

Consequently she was completely relaxed—perhaps indifferent is a more accurate description—when she sat down and answered questions as a test camera rolled. She couldn't have been less concerned—or more natural. George Stevens and studio boss Buddy Adler saw the test in Hollywood, and they flipped. By then Millie was in Paris on another modeling assignment. Meanwhile, she had become grudgingly intrigued with Anne Frank—of whom she never had heard until that silly man in New York suggested she might play her on the screen. She finally got around to reading a paper backed copy of "Anne Frank—The Diary Of A Young Girl," and she had two tickets for the stage play when 20th located her in Paris, put her on a plane and hustled her off to Hollywood—a thoroughly bewildered, as well as reluctant, Cinderella.

So far, it has been lots of repressed excitement, all work and no play.

"I haven't had too much fun," Millie says frankly. "But I like to work. I enjoy it. When the picture is over, I'll relax and do things."

One of these things will be a small matter of playgoing.

"You see," Millie Perkins smiles, her hazel eyes sparkling, "I still haven't seen 'The Diary Of Anne Frank.'" **END**

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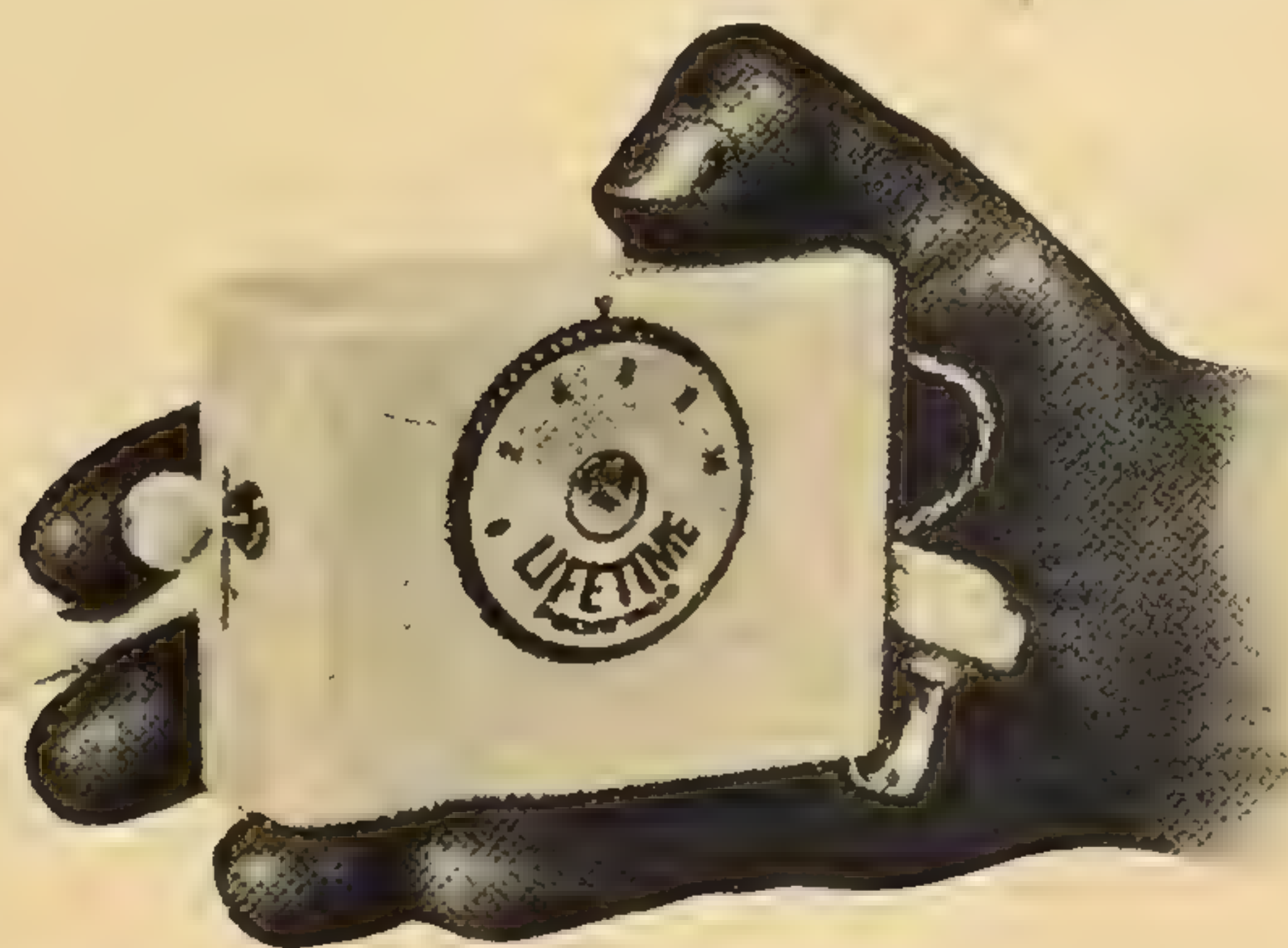
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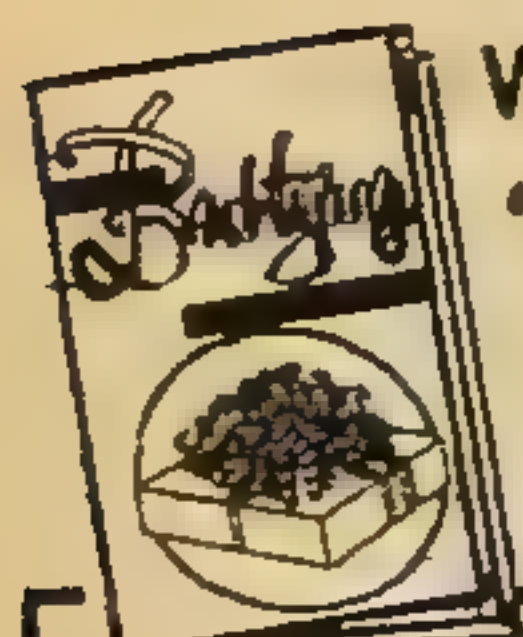


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let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**, NBC-TV star

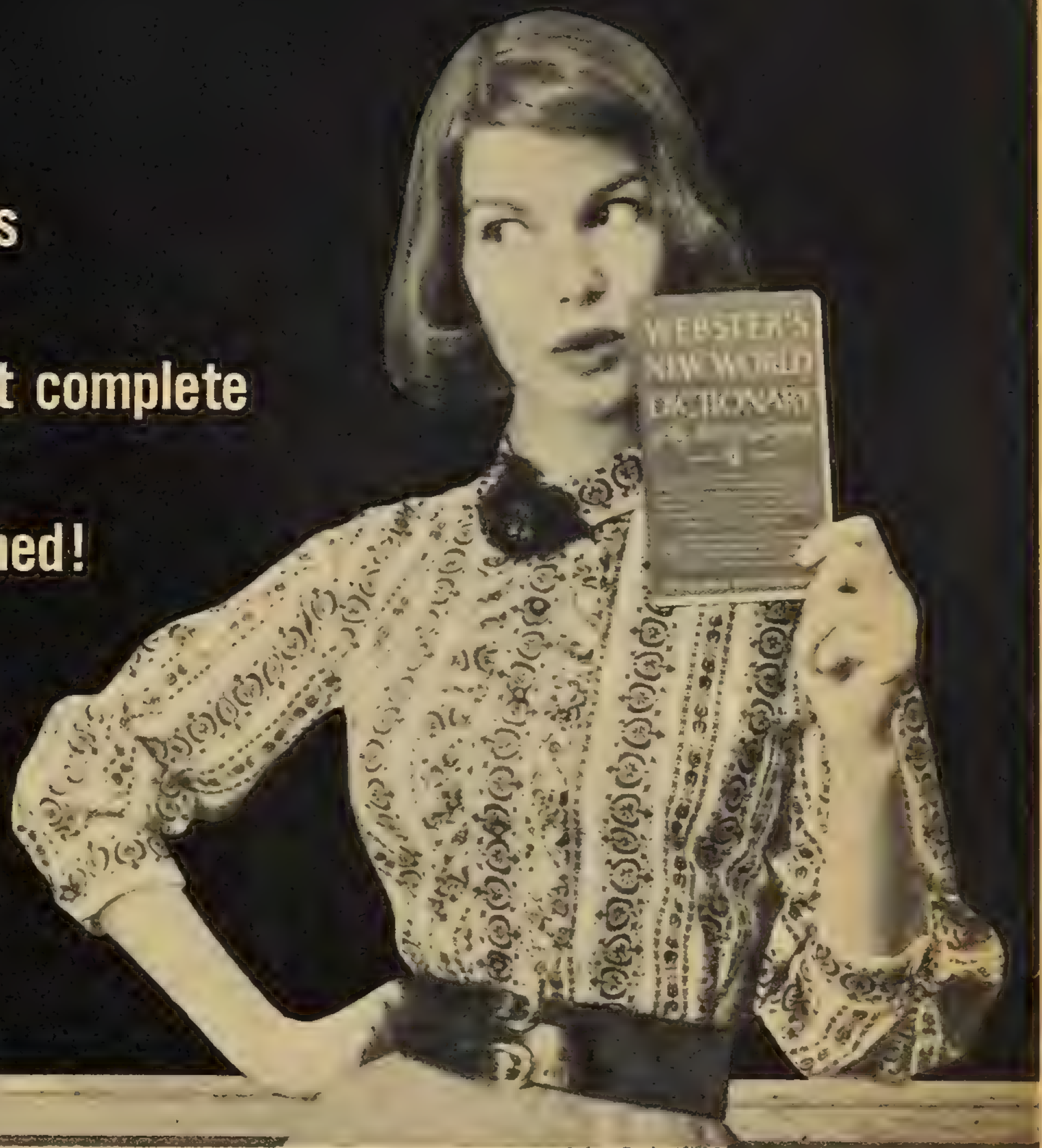
IN THEIR new Columbia offering titled "Four On The Aisle," The Four Lads run through some choice items from the scores of "Babes In Arms," "Kiss Me, Kate" and "Annie Get Your Gun." We feel safe in predicting a long and prosperous run for this album. . . . Once a fixture in Greenwich Village, Eddie Condon and his club have deserted Bohemia for points north. It matters little where Eddie and his confreres hang their hats. Their music is Dixie par excellence in the M-G-M album "Eddie Condon Is Uptown Now" . . . Jeri Southern is, to coin a cliché, a singer's singer—a sparrow different enough to get the rest of the flock to listen. Not the smoothest, the swingin'est, the loudest or the cleverest, Jeri is, nevertheless, a unique talent. Her new Roulette album, "Coffee, Cigarettes And Memories" is loaded with little gems.

Betcha didn't know that Jack Lemmon is a man of many talents, a number of them musical. Jack composes, plays the piano and sings. Witness the new Epic album, "A Twist Of Lemmon." We must admit that Jack is an honest-to-gosh singer who'd be perfectly acceptable as such even if he didn't have the movie star tag to back him up. On his composing ("With All My Love") and piano playing, Jack rates an A for effort. A most remarkable man is Mr. Lemmon. . . . The cold, cold latitudes of Scandinavia are oddly enough quite conducive to a very hot variety of jazz. One of the sultriest songstresses to come out of the Land of the Midnight Sun is Ernestine Anderson, whose Mercury LP, "Hot Cargo," is just what the name implies. The gimmick is that Ernestine's born and bred in the good old U.S. of A. and has been using the Scandinavian shores as a springboard to fame. . . . Dis ist der plaze, kinder, for music built strictly for fun. The Guckenheim Sour Kraut Band makes mit der oompahs in a Victor album labelled

"Music For Non-Thinkers." This is indeed the understatement of the year. Schmaltz reigns supreme but, as we said before, it's all good, clean fun. . . . The once great voice of Billie Holiday has, over the years, been reduced to a rasping shadow of the past. But Billie's phrasing and feeling are stronger than ever. Every ballad she sings is a reflection of the poignancy of her own life. In the new Columbia album, "Lady In Satin," Billie wraps up a lifetime of sorrow in a handful of songs. A listening session with Billie is still an emotional experience.

With an able assist from arranger-conductor Pete Rugolo, Patti Page demonstrates her versatility in a two-record EmArcy album "The East Side—The West Side." The "East" sides are appropriately smooth, subtle and sophisticated. The "West" sides are swingin' stuff—very hip, and very good. All in all, a slick entertainment package. . . . Gordon MacRae, in the Capitol LP "Gordon MacRae In Concert," shows why he has been a star performer in so many top Hollywood musicals. Gordon sings exactly the way he would if he were before an audience in the Hollywood Bowl. The delivery is forthright and robust, the words are all clearly understood, and the songs are such time-tested standards as "Begin The Beguine" and "Waterboy." . . . Those internationally acclaimed balladeers Marais and Miranda have a new Decca album called, "Sundown Songs." Some of the songs are from their own South African veldt but there are enough countries covered to make this a musical Cook's Tour. . . . The name Marlene Cord may not ring any bells right now but we guarantee that it won't be too long before you know exactly whom we're talking about. Marlene is a young girl with some very definite ideas on how a song should be sung, and she makes her feelings known on the Dot LP that bears her name. **END**

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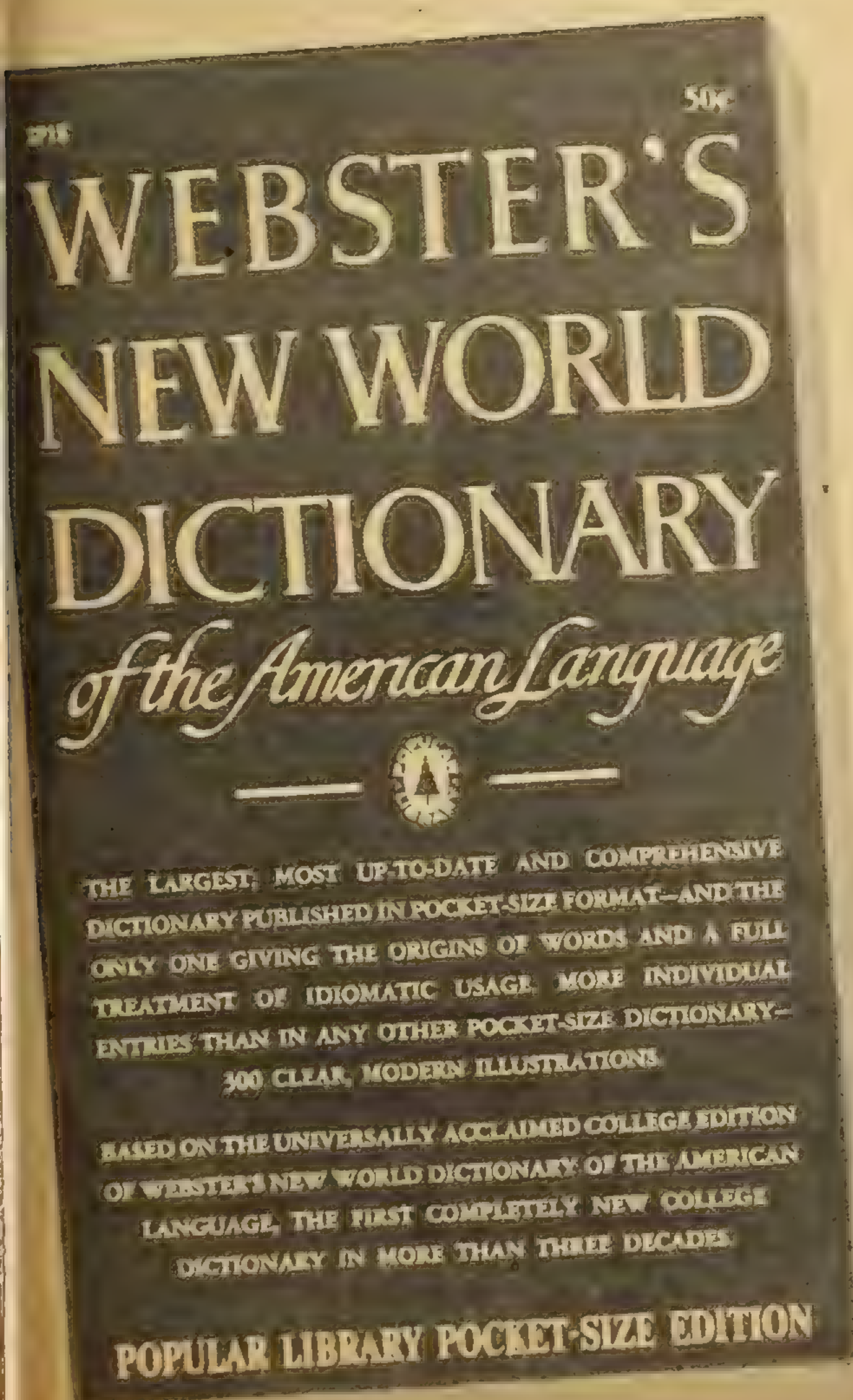


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Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

orders and chases a communist MIG clear into trouble. Things really get to clip along after May sweet-talks Mitchum into taking her husband into the squadron. With two weak spots in his group and Mitchum goggling over the wife of one, the complexities and dangers of flying are greatly increased. When all three go down over Korea, the best in everybody spills out all over the Far East. Inspiring in yet another way, are the many fascinating scenes of jet airplanes cutting through clouds, sky and trivial human involvements. (20th Century-Fox.)

White Wilderness

THIS latest in the Walt Disney series of True-Life adventures takes you to the unknown Arctic regions of North America. There, the cameras train onto a remarkable Technicolor record of wild life that continues despite the hazards of nature and constant fight for survival. Narrated by Winston Hibler, this eyes almost every form of life in the frozen wilderness. Besides being a fascinating lesson in natural history, these beautifully photographed adventures always have something that pertain to our own lives. In this, the suicidal lemming shows some uncomfortably familiar characteristics. By watching life in its simpler forms, often we learn how unnecessarily complicated we've allowed our existence to become. (Buena Vista.)

Home Before Dark

AFTER a year in a mental hospital, Jean Simmons returns to her home. Husband Dan O'Herlihy, a professor at a small New England college, is aloof and distant. Unfortunately, stepmother and step-sister Rhonda Fleming are nerve-wrackingly close. Another complication is the suspected twosome of Rhonda and Dan. Situations like this could drive anyone dotty but Professor Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. and Jean's ex-beau, Steve Dunne, help prevent her from plunging into another total breakdown. As is, she has a rough go of it until another crisis pushes her out from under the shadow of Rhonda. Effective drama that makes you wonder once more if perhaps the wrong people are going to psychiatrists. (Warner Bros.)

Harry Black And The Tiger

FILMED in India, this has more zest than a DeLuxe-colored bowl of curry, and certainly as many ingredients. Stewart Granger, a dead shot and British to the core, earns a living killing man-eating tigers. Canny though he is in the

ways of tigers, Granger is almost turned into a blithering noncompetent when he runs into Barbara Rush and her husband, Anthony Steele, again. Because of Steele's tendency to turn and run, Granger had lost a leg during the war. Because of Barbara's respectability, he lost the love of his life. Now, with his past confronting him, Granger stands the chance of losing his life. Whenever he or the camera comes face-to-face with the ferocious man-eating beasts of the jungle, all is magically smooth and supple. When he comes to grips with Barbara things get jolly tiresome. However, since when can a warmed-over romance compare favorably with the icy excitement of big game hunting? (20th Century-Fox.)

The Decks Ran Red

A SEA story that depends on straight violence for its share of thrills. When First Mate James Mason is offered command of a ramshackle tramp steamer, he snatches the opportunity, despite the fact that he is very much aware of the ship's unsavory history and mysterious death of the former captain. Adding to the tension on board, Mason creates another powder keg by allowing Dorothy Dandridge, wife of the ship's cook, on the voyage. When trouble does come, surprisingly Dorothy is incidental. Instead, Broderick Crawford foments a mutiny. His objective: eventually to collect \$500,000 in salvage money. With the odds riding in Crawford's favor, Mason certainly seems like a sure bet to be the shortest-term captain in maritime history. Exciting adventure yarn that fairly staggers under the load of suspense. (MGM.)

A Tale Of Two Cities

IN Charles Dickens' story of the French Revolution, the hero, played by Dirk Bogarde, is an Englishman enchanted by a French girl, Dorothy Tutin. Mlle. Dorothy on the other hand is kindly disposed toward a young Frenchman who for very sound reasons has taken a new identity. When he returns to his revolution-torn land to rescue a servant falsely accused of conspiring with the doomed aristocrats, he in turn is imprisoned. Bogarde, Dorothy and lawyer Cecil Parker dash to France to effect a release. But it needs more than a sane plea for justice to save the Frenchman from the guillotine. And this is where Bogarde steps in, up to his jabot, to save Dorothy's beloved. Besides the gory tide that sweeps the main characters to their destinies, the numerous cross-currents and eddies make this famous Dickens classic still a gem of story telling. That should be enjoyable for young and old. (J. Arthur Rank.) **END**

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 57

Tommy relaxes between scenes? He stretches like a cat and you've never seen anyone quite so relaxed!

LONG DISTANCE — Jack Lemmon rushed back from his six weeks location stint in Connecticut for "Miss Casey Jones," only to find his best gal Felicia Farr had to leave town the night before to report for rehearsals in La Jolla for "Bell, Book And Candle," the play in which she's doing the lead there. So Jack transferred luggage and went down there to visit her.

SENTIMENTAL—Linda Cristal's new husband, Bob Champion, is really a sentimental gentleman. They celebrate "month-anniversaries" of their wedding and on the first he gave her a red Corvette, on the second, a platinum and diamond watch. Nice celebrating!

STEADY—Jill St. John and Lance Rentlow, Barbara Hutton's millionaire son, now have their dates on a "going steady" basis. But Jill will have to wait almost a year for her final divorce decree. Lance has been spending much time on the 20th lot, visiting Jill and he really makes an impression when he drives up in his Ferrari or huge Rolls Royce. Jill has a very good role in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker."

GIRLS, GIRLS—Pat Boone really is surrounded by females. He's now settled down in his rented Bel Air mansion, something like a "poor man's San Simeon," with his wife, four little daughters, their nurse and also a teenage baby sitter, plus a housekeeper! Well, there's room enough. This was the place Prince Rainier rented! It has enormous rooms, a two-story circular hall and staircase that looks like a movie set. And the yard is the size of a football field. But no boys to play ball! However, Pat has plenty of male company in his new film, "Mardi Gras"—Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and Dick Sargent. Pop Bing came to visit Gary on the first day's shooting.

BABY TALK—Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay say they loved Europe but wanted their baby, due in December, to be born in California so they came back right after she finished her film in England . . . Greg Peck loves his boys—he's fathered four of 'em—but he's flipping over baby daughter Cecelia.

SHORT SHOTS — Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer hope to spend the month of October at their house in Switzerland, on a real vacation after "Green Mansions" which Mel directs and in which Audrey stars . . .

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What's Her Message

continued from page 29

simply doesn't occur to her that every star, whether working or not, on special display or not, is expected to have an aura of glamour. And if it did occur to her, she wouldn't change!

Despite Diane's determination not to run with the pack in the glamour sweepstakes, stardom has to a certain extent altered, intensified and complicated her life, as it has the lives of all others who have been touched by the peculiar magic of sudden fame. If she had more time, her life could be moderately simplified. But there are only 24 hours in a day, and with that limitation, even her free time is not her own any more. An acting career makes many claims.

"My acting has become so much more important to me than ever before that it's affected my personal relationships. Diane didn't look particularly regretful about this state of affairs. "I guess when opportunity does come you actually want your work to absorb all of you. You don't need or want the distraction of too many attachments.

"Even before this, though, I've never gone around with a lot of people, girls or boys. You see, I think one friend is better than nine friends."

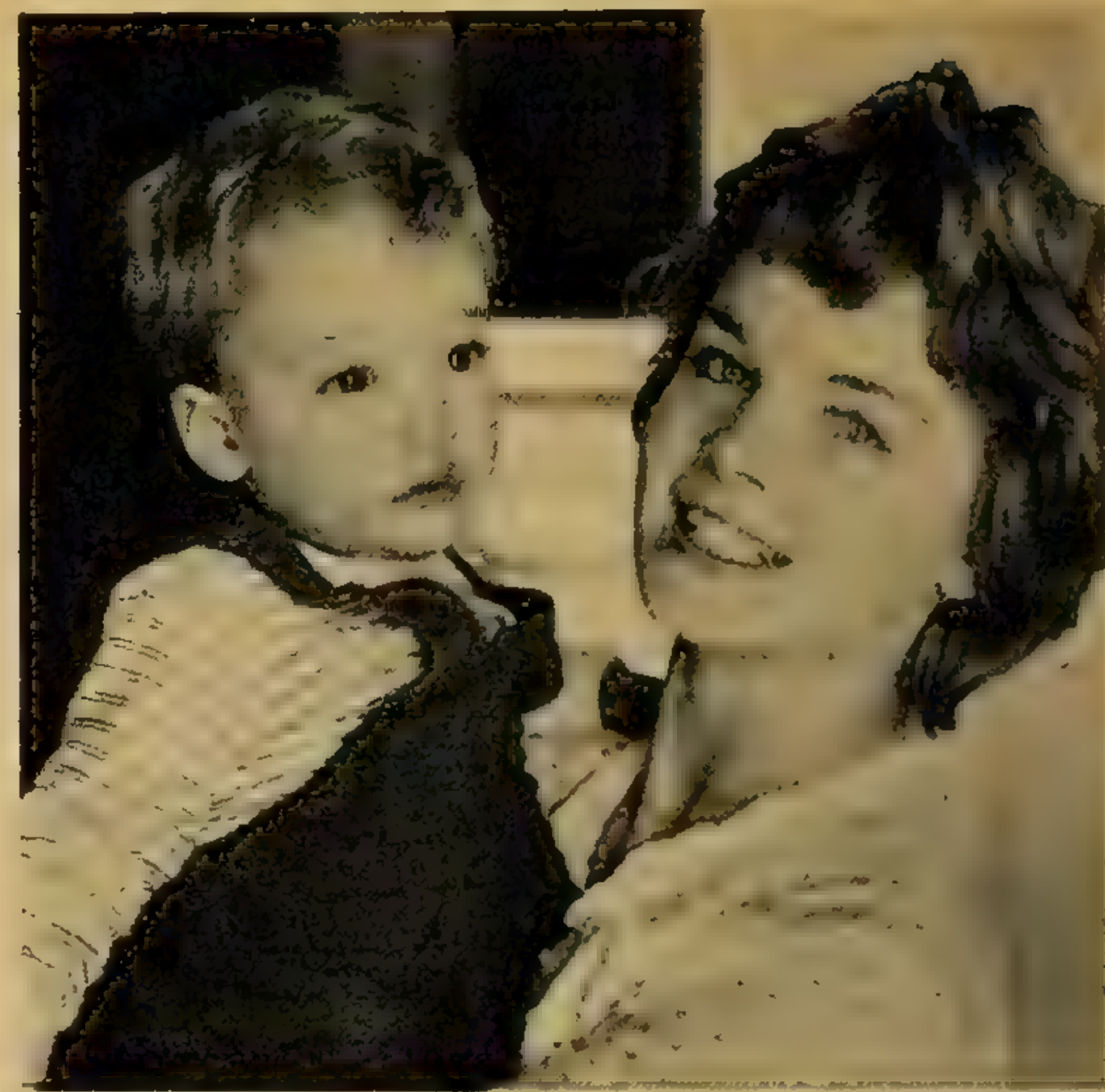
Considering Diane's devotion to continuing development, it is hardly surprising that most of the friendships she's had have been of short-term duration. She appears to have outgrown them, one after the other, as the friends remained in the groove that to Diane would have become a grave for her extraordinary potentials. Some inner wisdom steered her clear of those close sentimental alliances that can be so smothering as well as so comfortably warming.

Her one experience in running with the pack came in high school, where she belonged briefly to a special clique. She pulled out when she found the group restrictions too self-limiting for anyone with her driving eagerness for development. She couldn't dislike certain things because "everyone else does."

The only things that are bigger than Diane's career at present are those that make up what she calls her "basic existence," meaning her baby son and her family. To say that she shuns other attachments completely would be false, for even a maverick does a certain amount of mingling. So let's settle for saying simply that she doesn't actively seek new attachments.

"I try to see what's important enough to be attached to," is the way she puts it. "I don't want to dope myself up with things and people that aren't important—in the non-Hollywood sense."

The recent breakup of her marriage to young associate producer James Dickson came hard to Diane, whose feeling



NOWADAYS Diane Varsi takes her son Shawn out riding in their new Volkswagen.

for family unity is strong. With the unit broken, as it is now, she admits to a sensation of incompleteness.

"But if I get married again," she said thoughtfully, not ruling out the possibility, "it won't be for a while."

In the meantime, she's frequently told that she ought to date more. To which she replies, "I don't like to date. I like to communicate!"

An acquaintance who overheard her make a remark like that recently was left floundering. "What kind of double-talk is that?" she wanted to know.

"That's no double-talk," answered her companion, a girl who understands Diane. "Remember telling me how you went out with a new man last week—to the movies and then dancing at two different clubs? That was dating."

"And then when you drove out to the beach, all the way down and all the way back you couldn't think of anything to say to each other, and you didn't feel comfortable just keeping quiet. So you decided not to go out with him again."

"You two did all right while you were in action on your date. But the minute you stopped moving around and doing things you found you couldn't communicate. No message. Get it? So Diane likes to communicate instead of date!"

Much as Diane resents any attempts to maneuver her into a standard stellar mold, she has an equal sympathy for everyone everywhere who resists being told what to think and how to act, merely for the sake of conformity.

"I'd rather be called a misfit than be stuffed into a strange mold," she declared bravely. "But you've got to remember that being a misfit, too, is letting yourself be cast in a sort of mold too."

The thing to do, it seems, is to keep yourself free from the curse of confining categories and at the same time have a long-range goal that will give you a sense of direction, both in your thinking and in your actions.

"I have almost always been able to execute what I set out to do," Diane said. "I set out to be an actor (There was that insistent use of the word 'actor' again!). I set out to leave my house and find something for myself—and of myself. I set out a plan to achieve at some point in my lifetime a sense of completion as a human being. Of course, I haven't reached that final goal yet, but I'm on my way.

"My individual way of life means a great deal to me and I'll do anything I have to in order to attain my goals in a three-way harmony of home life, career and personal development."

In a sense, it appears she's like the battling pacifist who vowed he'd fight if necessary to keep the peace!

Since coming to Hollywood, Diane has attended only one full-scale, glamour-studded premiere—"Peyton Place."

"It frightened me," she confessed, "but not on account of the crowds. I don't mind crowds at all."

However wonderful the occasion and however gratifying the experience of first public recognition, it's easy enough to guess what threw Diane at the premiere. It was the almost barbarically ritualistic atmosphere that builds up at these times. The strict protocol that is followed to the letter.

Truth to tell, it's all as fine a spectacle as any pagan rite for the worship of the immortals. The Hollywood premiere is an institution that is certain to go on for some time and everybody likes it just dandy. Everybody except Diane, who has a prejudice against protocol, seed-bearing fruit of conformity.

Diane is a great one for solitude. And by solitude she means being really alone, without even the company of books, records, radio, TV or other distractions.

"If people go for any length of time without being alone," she told me, "there's a chance they'll forget who they are. If they forget this all-important

fact, they might not ever remember their unique identity. That may be all right for the ones who don't care; who are satisfied with the identity they get from other people, surroundings or work. It just happens that so far as I'm concerned, I do care." She smiled half shyly and altogether winningly.

"In any case, I don't go out a lot because there are too many other things to do," she went on.

Next to any attempts, delicately subtle or crudely bold, to compress her into a Hollywood mold, Diane is bothered most by bad films. When she talks about some inferior picture that could—and should—have been better than it was, there is no doubt about how she feels. She clenches her hands into tight little fists and her eyes flash blue fire. "It makes me furious!" she exclaims, and then settles back, wordless at the enormity of the sin of inferiority.

So determined is Diane to stick to the simple life, away from the pack-runners, that she has taken a house in Topanga Canyon, some 20 miles from Hollywood. That's a long haul through the heavy traffic and winding mountain roads of Southern California. But it's not too much for Diane, if by making it she can put her convictions into action. The gesture is against reason perhaps, but it certainly supports the honesty of her feelings.

Asked if she didn't think the sleeper-jump distance between her new home and her studio wasn't carrying matters too far just for the sake of making a point, she answered with a combination of helpless head-shaking and an air of crisp decisiveness:

"My convictions are always stronger than my reasons for holding them!"

Then she gathered up Shawn, tied a scarf around her blonde hair and headed through the dusk on her 20 mile trek to the distant haven she calls home. Far, far from the pack. **END**



The planets reveal Eddie Fisher's road to success!

Eddie Fisher's birth chart shows signs of great dramatic appeal, charm, and the deep understanding of audiences that has won him fame and fortune throughout his fabulous singing-acting career. As a "Leo" baby (July 23 to August 22), he can count on leadership abilities, respect of people, and most important, a really happy marriage. No wonder this popular entertainer is headed for even more success than ever before!

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The Triumph Of Love And Dreams

continued from page 56

But they haven't changed. People around Roulette still say, "They're so in love it shows," and tell of a recent recording session.

After sitting through part of it, Colleen had gone shopping. The recording went well, and when Hugo and Luigi had a take which satisfied them, there was still about 15 minutes of studio time to spare.

Jimmie went over to the piano. "May I cut a tape? Not for release. I want it just for me."

Receiving their consent, he rippled out the chords. Luigi cut in on the intercom, "Where did you get that song, Jimmie?"

"I wrote it," he answered very quietly.

Hugo spoke up, "And who's that written for, Jimmie?"

Jimmie looked up, surprised that anyone should need to ask. "It's for my doll, of course."

"What do you call it?"

Jimmie sang out the title refrain. "You're Everything To Me."

From the control room came a sigh and a new voice, "Oh, Jimmie, that's beautiful." Colleen had slipped in, undetected. "That's just the way I feel, too," she assured him.

It was Jimmie's turn to blink a tear away as he faced the microphone. **END**

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How To Make Ricky Mad/Glad

continued from page 45

is good at it. It's more fun that way. Once I asked a girl for a dance who didn't know how. She kept stepping on my feet all the time to the point where I could hardly walk any more. I didn't ask her for a second dance although she was very nice otherwise. My feet hurt me too much . . ."

3. *Be A Good Sport!* "I once had a flat tire on my way to pick up a date. I don't remember how long it took me to have it fixed, but I must have been at least an hour late. My date didn't care, because she was a good sport. I like that quality in girls."

4. *If You Like Him, Let Him Kiss You On Your First Date!* "Sure, I like to kiss a girl the first time I go out with her, if I think the time is right. That is, if I think she doesn't mind. . . ."

5. *Be Frank!* "That's not the same as criticizing a person. It's nice for a girl to be honest about herself, and her feelings. If she likes a fellow, I don't see anything wrong if she tells him so. But at the same time she shouldn't tell him she likes him if she doesn't."

6. *Be As Attractive As You Can Make Yourself!* "I like good-looking girls. Once a friend fixed me up with a blind date, and she looked awful. I think she could have looked better, if she'd tried. I don't know for sure. But I do know I like good-looking girls."

7. *Be Interested In Rick's Work!* "It's nice for a fellow to have a girl show an interest in what he's doing."

8. *When You Talk—Have Something To Say!* "I don't like girls who talk a lot and still say nothing. . . ."

9. *Be Appreciative!* "I like a girl who appreciates what a fellow gives her,



THE FOUR Nelsons, Ricky, Harriet, Ozzie and David enjoying a well earned holiday.

whether it costs a lot, or little. . . ." (And after a moment's hesitation) "I've given away so many initialed rings, that it is really pathetic!"

10. *Enjoy Music!* "I love listening to music, so naturally I prefer a girl who feels as strongly about it as I do, particularly about rock 'n' roll. I think rock 'n' roll is just great.

11. *Dress Casually, Be Casual!* "I don't like to get dressed up, and consequently I prefer a girl who wears casual clothes and acts casually too."

12. *Go Where He Wants To Go!* "I like a girl who lets me make the decisions."

13. *Be A Couple Of Years Older Than He Is—At Least!* "Older girls make me feel more at ease. . . ."

14. *Use Jive Talk!* "I think jive talk is picturesque and colorful." **END**

Glad To Leave The Congo

continued from page 41

jungle animals just as easily by using the Hollywood Freeway. Audrey was determined to send him a picture of a real hippo, taken by her.

One day Audrey, armed with her Polaroid camera, director Fred Zinnemann and others set out up-river for a place that the colonials had described as a "hippo hangout."

Unfortunately, it was the hottest day of the month, and with no more protection from the sun than an old-fashioned

parasol, she soon regretted the whole idea. But not enough to turn back.

Two hours later they reached their destination, where they waited silently, tensely, for an hour and a half under the broiling noon sun—without even a single hippo blinking an eye at them. Audrey and the others were discouraged. Just as they were about to raise the anchor, Audrey bolted upright. Not one but three hippos suddenly emerged, with jaws stretched into wide yawns, and

gaped at her. She was so surprised that only after she had returned to Stanleyville did she remember that she forgot the reason why she had brought the camera: to take pictures, of course.

For Audrey herself, the most impressive part of her stay was the visit to the leper colony, which plays a vital part in "The Nun's Story." "I went voluntarily for the filming there, as did all the others in the cast and crew. We could have refused, but none did. I should like to try to help dispel some of the old superstitions about this illness, which is now curable. I was so impressed by the devotion and dedication of Dr. Brown and his wife who founded the colony some 30 years ago. Now they have a full staff to treat three to four hundred patients. Today there is a cure—that is the great miracle. That's something I too just learned from the hours spent talking to Dr. Brown. After our visit there. I now use the word "leprosy" with a great deal of hesitation because of the fear formerly associated with the word. Today it is a serious infection—that can be and is curable."

The impression Audrey created on the natives in Stanleyville was profound in a very different manner.

They couldn't understand why Audrey, obviously a nun since she wore the habit, was driving around in a chauffeur-driven car, and able to change into slacks and blouse at the end of the day. While Audrey's few words of Swahili proved insufficient to explain her case, her native driver eagerly accepted the task. "She is a queen of a far away country called Warner Brothers," he told the curious other natives.

But what about the nun's clothing?

"The Queen of Warner Brothers also happens to be a nun," he assured them.



AFTER "Green Mansions," Audrey and Mel will take a long vacation in Switzerland.

"What's more," he insisted, "she's married. I often have heard her talking about her husband . . ."

No one doubted his word. The legend of Queen Audrey the Nun is bound to live in Stanleyville for many generations to come.

The most serious threat to Audrey's life did not come from wild animals or the jungle. It came from the heat, the humidity, and the neglect to counteract the constant perspiration with the use of salt tablets. Since she grew up and lived most of her life in cool climates, she was unfamiliar with proper precautions to take. And no one had bothered to warn her about it.

First indications of the effect the climate had on Audrey came in the form of what she mistakenly took for extreme fatigue. Yet the full effect of those six weeks in Africa were not apparent till Audrey had returned to Rome, for the interior scenes. When the crisis came, Audrey immediately called Mel in New York to let him know.

It was 2:30 a.m., Rome time, when the operator finally got a free line. Audrey was obliged to admit to Mel's persistent questioning that she had been in great pain. The doctors had given her sedation, medication, and put her on a strict diet.

Mel was so frantic that he called several times within the next 48 hours. There was nothing he could do from five thousand miles away except urge her to follow the treatment meticulously, which she was already doing. He promised to join her as soon as he could get a flight to Europe. Knowing how involved he was with the preparations for his film, "Green Mansions," Audrey tried her best to talk him out of taking such a long trip. Mel wouldn't listen.

After he hung up, he phoned all night till he was finally able to book a reservation on a flight leaving the following afternoon. Before heading for the airport, Mel called Rome once again to see how Audrey was getting along. By then she was already improving, and was doing so well that she was able to convince him he should cancel his trip.

From then on things were looking up for Audrey again. "I just continued to work 12 hours a day, except at the end we worked seven days a week because we were running behind schedule," she smiled. "And of course when we moved to Belgium and couldn't find convenient accommodations, many days we had to travel two hours each way back and forth from work. But after all, that's part of the job. I have no complaints. Indeed, I'm very grateful to the studio for having found me the one single hotel room available in Brussels."

No wonder she's the darling of the film industry. As director Fred Zinnemann put it, "I wish there were half a dozen women like her . . ." **END**

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Why Frank Sinatra Won't Remarry

continued from page 58



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ward leader, she got her husband a job in the fire department; her only son, his first singing job. The classic picture of the rejecting mother, Mrs. Sinatra showered gifts on her physically frail, emotionally deprived, son and turned him over, at an early age, to his grandmother to rear, while she labored at City Hall.

Because his mother wielded so much power in his formative years, his father so little, Frank's attitude toward women became distorted and he tried to build himself up as a dominant male. He shows great admiration for his mother, lavishes gifts on her, yet there is a strong undercurrent of resentment, too. In his attitude toward women, Sinatra is full of contradictions. For some he shows contempt, for others he builds a high pedestal. He blows his top when anyone uses an off-color word in the presence of women he considers "ladies"; he is super strict with his beloved 17-year-old daughter, Nancy, Jr., insists that her dress be circumspect, her conduct above reproach. Recently, when she returned from a school dance a little late, he was over the next day to lay down the law.

Just what will happen when explosive Frankie makes his film with equally explosive Brigitte Bardot is anybody's guess, but it's hardly likely that he'll enthrone her on a pedestal. Her films have been real shockers, banned in many countries. Some believe that "BB-ism" as it's known in France, is nothing but a perpetual celluloid strip tease and that

Brigitte's success secret is simply that she takes off her clothes.

A sullen, temperamental, moist-lipped and outspoken 24-year-old divorcee, her life story is just as shocking as her films. Daughter of a well-to-do Paris family, Brigitte became a model, then a film actress, married a Russian photographer, Roger Vadim, who became her director. Under his expert tutelage she learned to appear enticing and innocent at the same time, to move her dance-trained body with the grace of a young cat and to develop a sort of super-Marilyn Monroe type wiggle.

The marriage broke up when Brigitte fell in love with Jean-Louis Trintignant, a married French actor and her husband found a girl friend. On the day the final divorce papers were issued, Roger Vadim's girl gave birth to a baby, later married Roger. Brigitte bought the baby a crib and even asked to be godmother. This even shocked the supposedly unshockable French!

Jean-Louis' wife refuses to give him a divorce, and Brigitte allegedly attempted suicide. Recovered, she is looking forward to meeting Frank Sinatra. Asked if she thought Frankie had sex appeal, she said, "I theenk maybe so yes and I hope so for heem!"

It seems likely that BB and FS will ignite into an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration. But it doesn't seem likely that anyone will fling rice at them at a church door.

END

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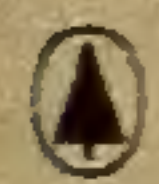
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Love Came First

continued from page 59

'n' roll to Paul and Peter there, and entertained their friends, and as for rock 'n' roll itself, "I don't think it's suggestive," says Gale. "If it were, I wouldn't sing it."

When she gets a bit excited or enthusiastic, she reverts to her former accent—just a little—and, as Lee declares, with a fond look at his buoyant wife, she still cries easily. "She cried for four straight hours the night she was on 'This Is Your Life,' said Lee. "Not just through the show but during the party afterwards." "But it was so sweet," Gale explained. "They even had mustard greens and black-eyed peas at the dinner because Ralph Edwards learned from mother I like 'em. Just thinking of how nice Ralph Edwards was makes me want to cry again."

Gale has won many honors in her life, such as Woman Of The Year, Favorite

Comedienne, Most Glamorous Business Woman and many others, but the title that means most to her is "Mrs. Lee Bonnell." She knows that her TV series has brought her greater fame than her movies ever did, but, she insists, "My career is just the frosting on the cake. No matter what, my family comes first. If I can hold my family together and be a good wife and mother as well as have a career, that's fine. But if it ever interferes with my family, my career has to go. I have always felt a little like I was having my cake and eating it, too."

"Now, whenever my hectic schedule seems about to get me down, I raise my eyes to Heaven and say, 'Thank you. I'm a very lucky woman. I married the man I loved, I have four fine children and a career more satisfying than anything I ever dreamed. I've never really had it so good.'"

END



RONALD and Nancy Reagan flash warm smiles for the photographers at a premiere.

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

weekly show on TV this fall. "We can't keep the money, but at least we can keep our health," explained Phyllis.

Rex Harrison almost created a riot in London when he wanted two weeks off from his "My Fair Lady" hit to take a vacation. He cancelled the latter by popular demand. He should have rested between the New York appearance and the London, but he made "The Reluctant Debutante" for Metro because there was a good role for wife Kay Kendall. . . . Art Linkletter asked a four-year-old on his "House Party"—"Would you like to get married?" "Sure would," replied the youngster, "But I haven't found the right girl yet." . . . Add oddities. Raymond Burr is paying off the mortgage on a beautiful house at the beach with the money he makes from his "Perry Mason" TV series. But he's so busy working, he has to sleep in his dressing room at the studio, and rarely gets to sniff the ocean air. Isn't this always the way? . . . Talking of money, Ann Sothorn paid \$125,000 for the Al Bloomingdale mansion in Bel Air. "I bought the house so my daughter Patricia can entertain her young friends," says the residual-happy Miss Sothorn.

Mario Lanza must be wondering whether it was worth it to go to Italy for two years to save on income tax. His first picture there, "Seven Hills Of Rome," was a big disappointment. . . . Those rumors linking Anthony Franciosa with Anna Magnani are hogwash. If true, why would he spend a fortune phoning wife Shelley Winters every day before she was able to join him in Rome? . . . Whatever

happened to Eleanor Parker? This excellent actress seems to have slipped from cinematic view. One thing I know. She's happy in her marriage with painter Paul Clemens. . . . Betta St. John, the adorable Liat of the Broadway production of "South Pacific," is trying Italy for one year, and if she likes it, will give up her acting career to be a wife 24 hours a day to singer-husband, Peter Grant.

When Mrs. Dan Dailey left \$6,000 on the gaming tables of Las Vegas, husband Dapper Dan put her on the first plane headed back to Los Angeles. And do you blame him?

Rosemary Clooney is taking a year's sabbatical from her career to concentrate on her family which now numbers four children, in addition to husband Jose Ferrer. They're getting close to the six kids they want. . . . And Janet Leigh will take her time about returning to her acting career following the birth of baby number two in November. "The reason for our big new house," she told me, "is our desire for a big family." They call the 22-room mansion, "Camp Curtis." . . . Fifty-five-year-old Randolph Scott is the richest working cowboy on the screen. Randy has taken a share of the profits from 150 horse oprys, invested the money in oil and uranium. All this without the benefit of ballyhoo. He could retire but prefers to work.

Bette Davis was the darling of the press in Europe for her forthrightness during interviews. She didn't care a hoot when they kept printing her age—which is 50—and made no bones about her face and figure. And they liked her even more



CAUGHT in the midst of a greeting to an old friend are Greg and Veronique Peck.

when she confessed that her children have given her more happiness than the two Oscars she won in her heyday. . . . Marie McDonald, the tempestuous blonde, will marry Las Vegas hotel owner George Capri directly after he gets a divorce from the wife from whom he separated, Marie tells me, seven years ago. . . . You'll see a thinner Shultz on "The Bob Cummings Show." The funny lady whose real name is Ann Davis, shed 30 pounds during the summer. . . . And Ernie Borgnine went one pound better. He lost 31—"the only way—pushing the table away."

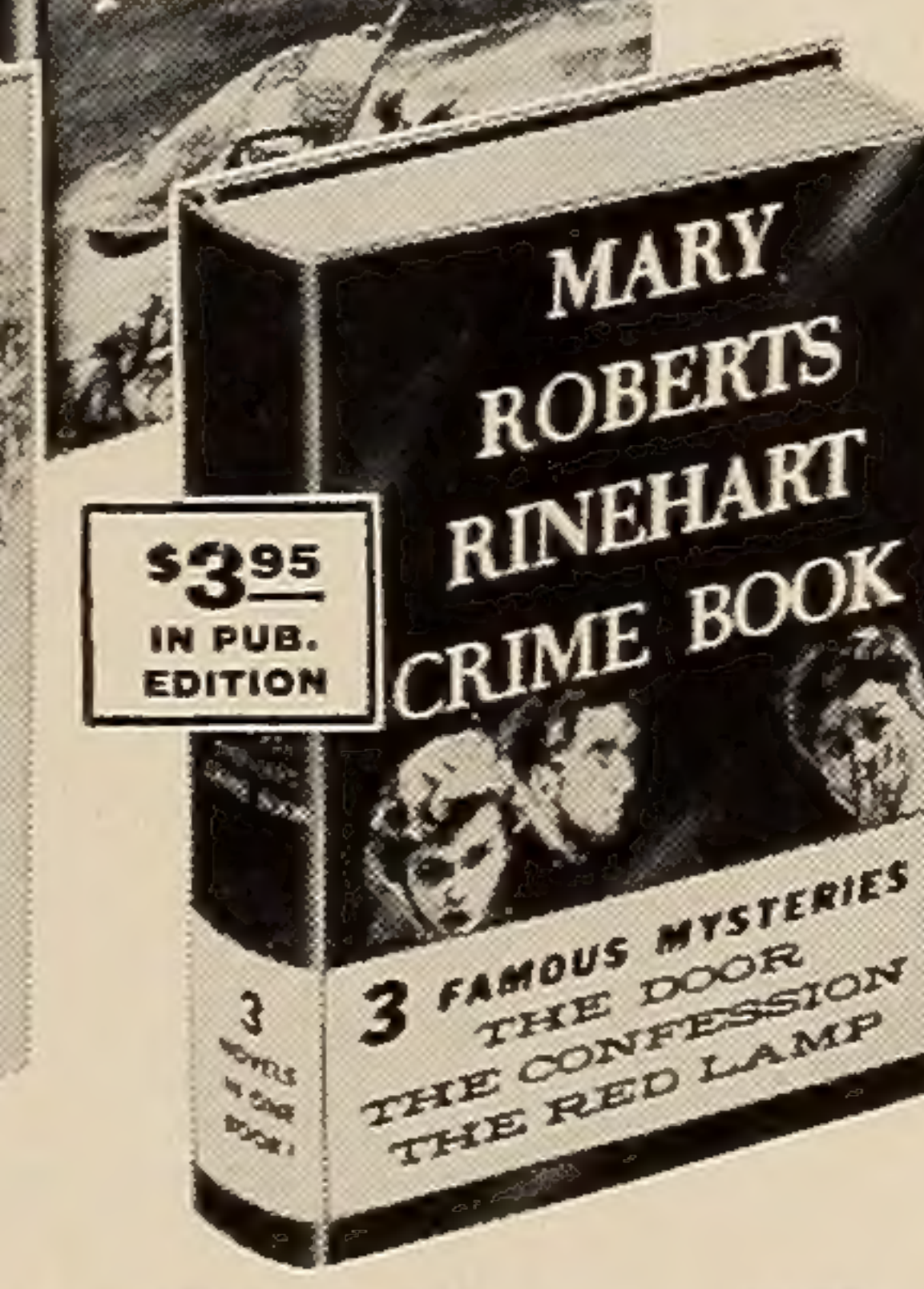
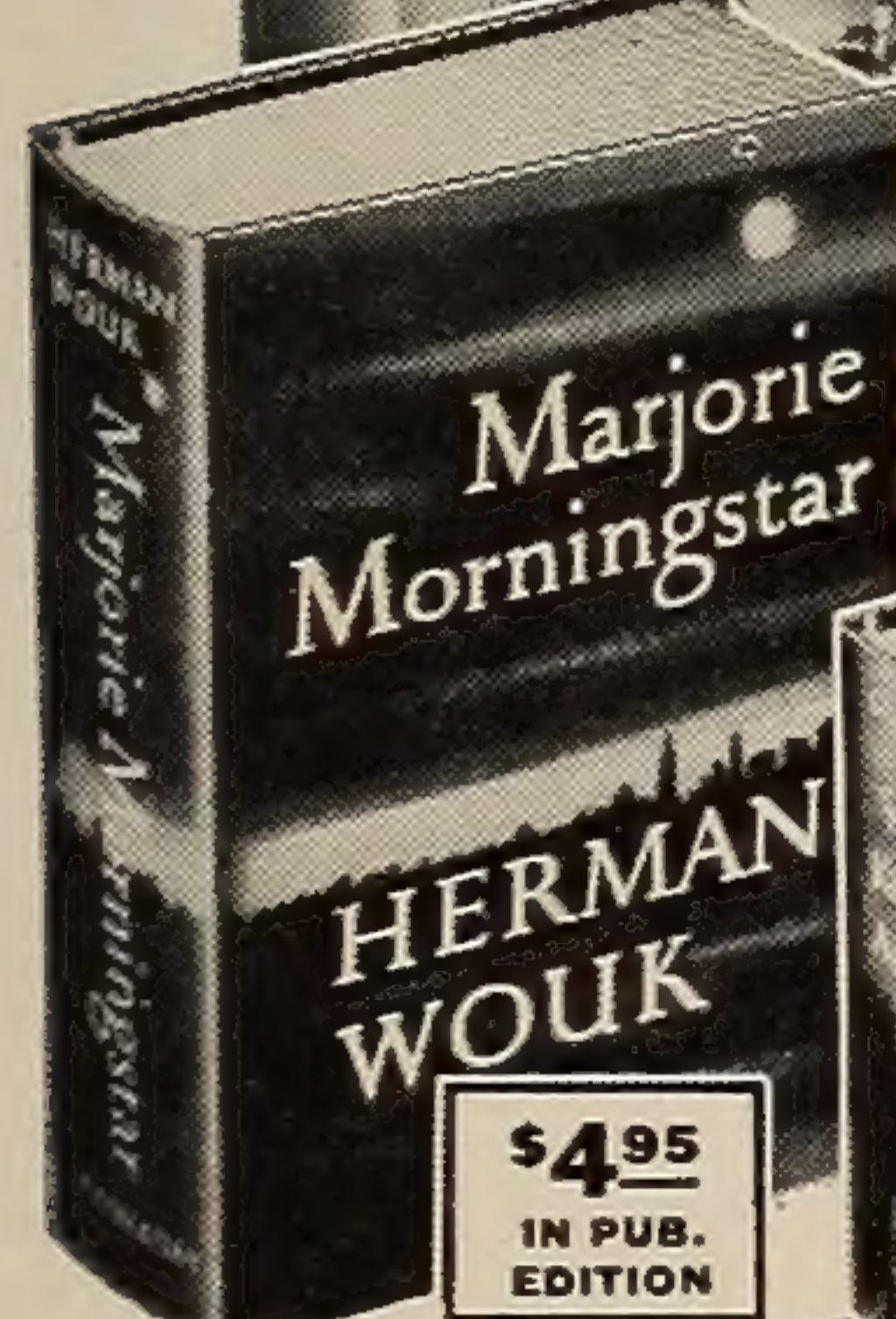
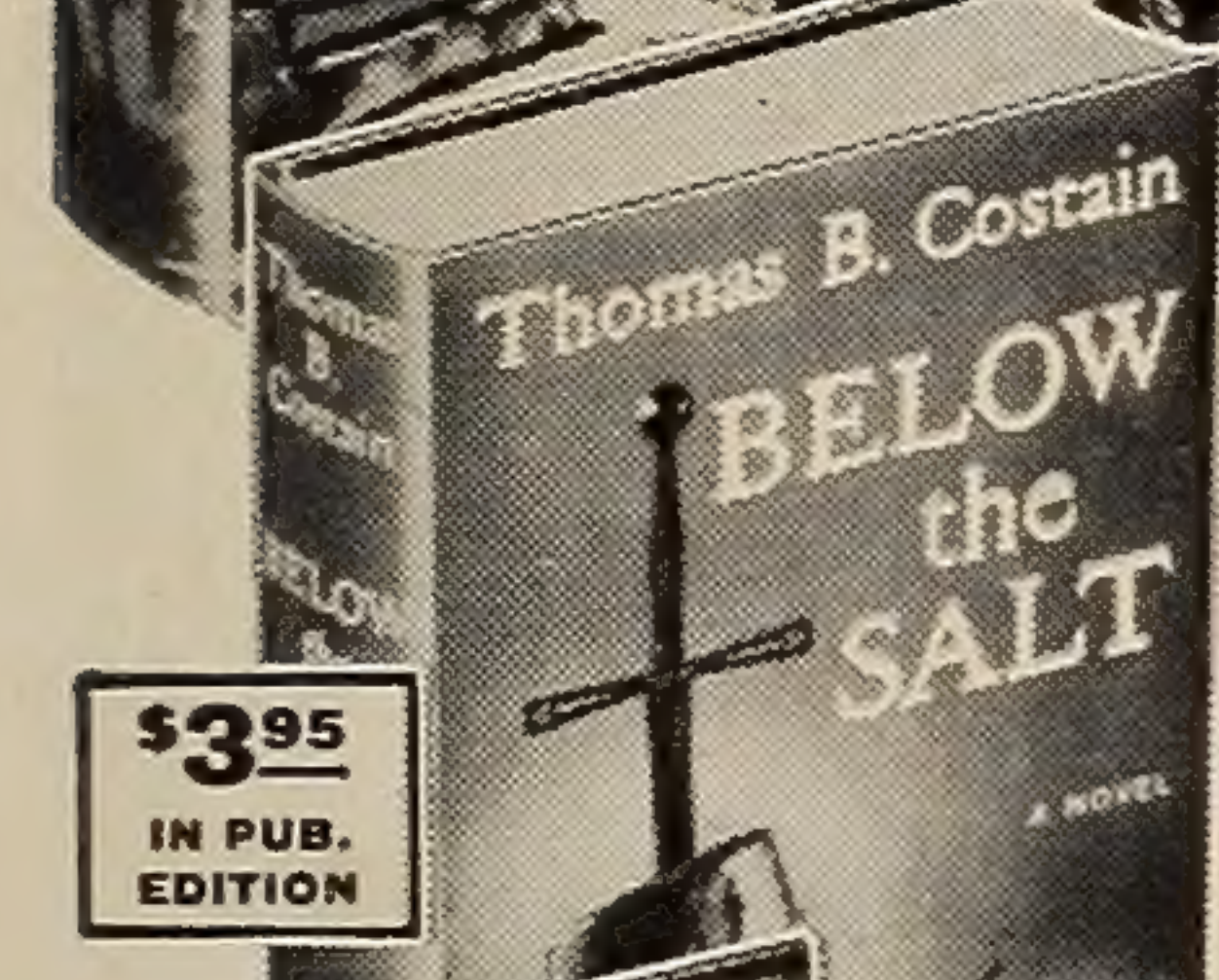
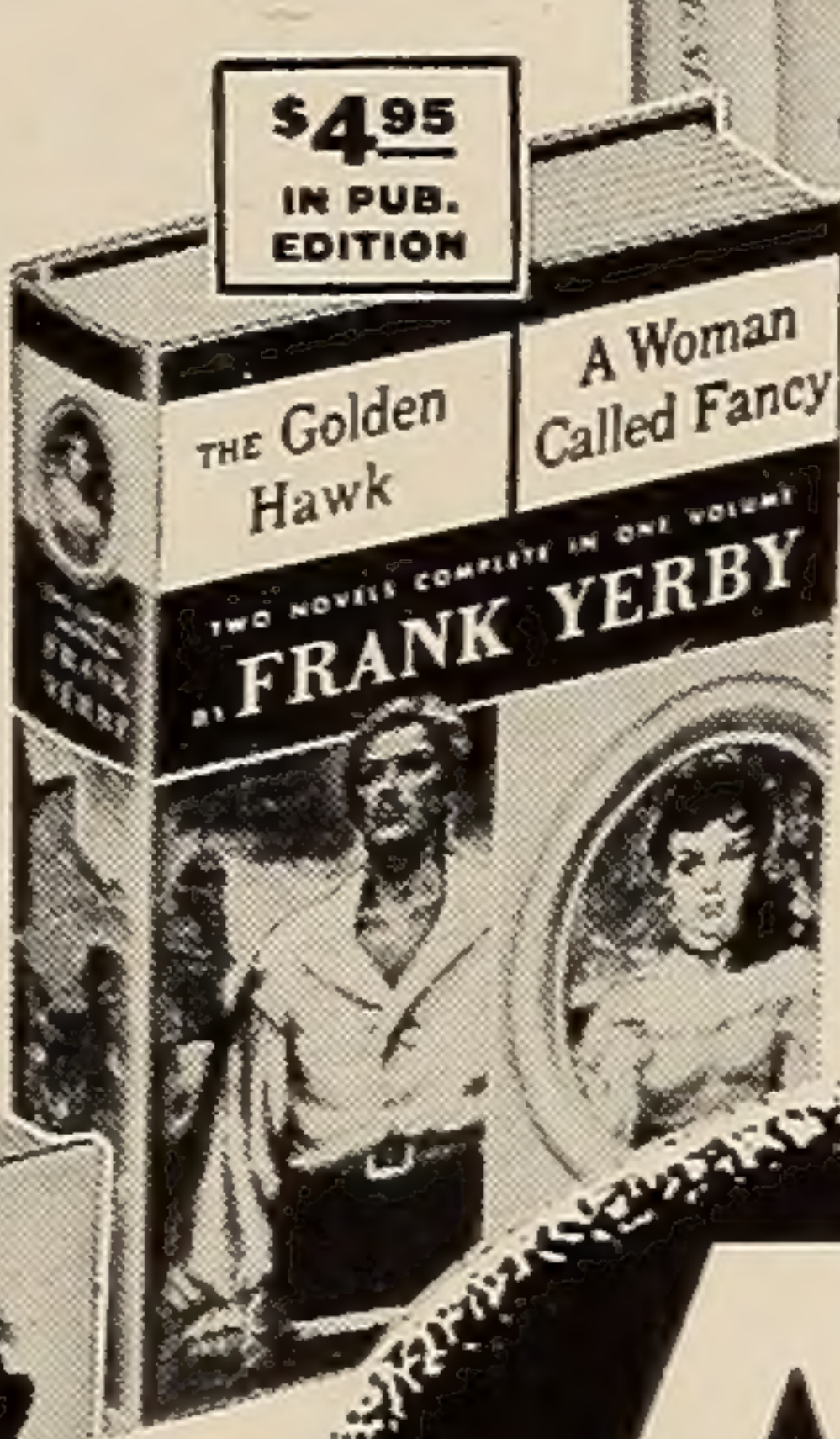
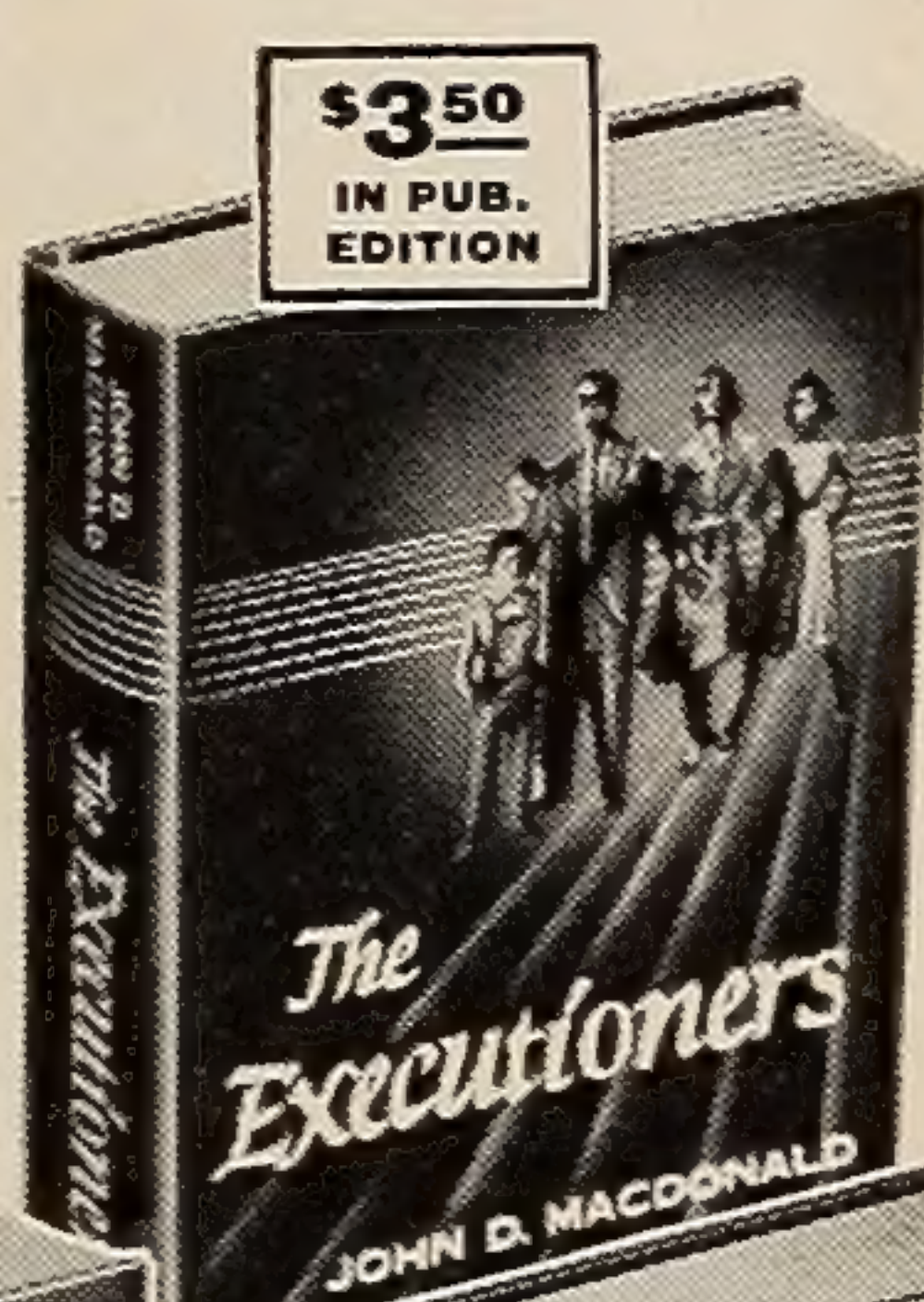
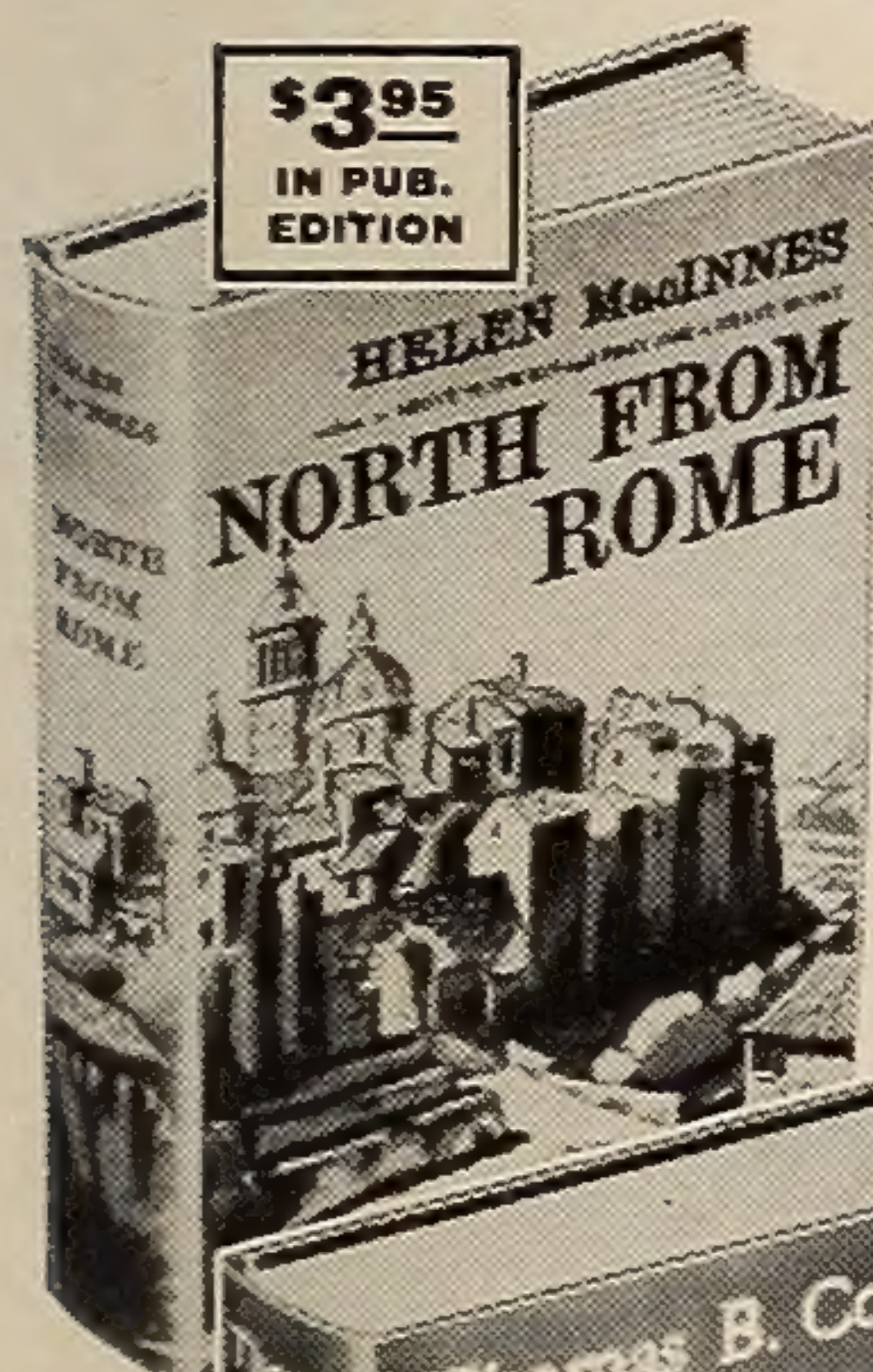
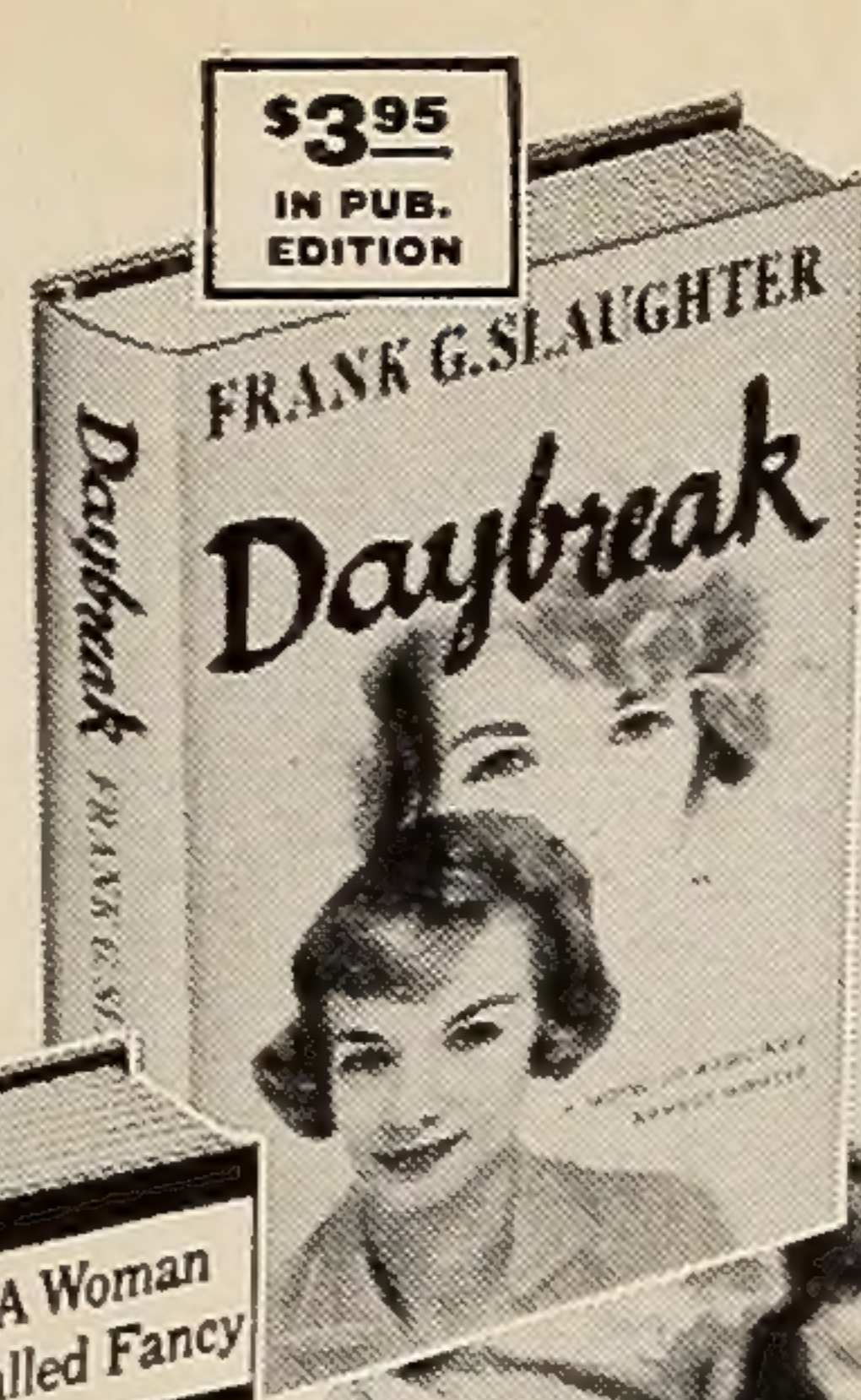
Diane Varsi called writer Joe Laitin after their interview for Coronet to say, "You'd better change the line 'I drive a dilapidated old car.' I just bought a Volkswagen. The car's new but the girl remains unchanged." . . . And that's about all for now, from your Hollywood reporter, Sheilah Graham.

END

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